

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### WORLD-WORN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY AUGUST REIL.

I once had a town-full of friends,  
And a heart full of trust,  
I could look in men's faces and see  
All things noble and just.  
There were smiles wherever I turned,  
On strangers' lips even,—  
And the world seemed a glorious path  
Reaching straight up to Heaven!

I planned out a great shining life,  
And a hero would be,  
With a strong hand to sweep away wrong  
In a pure victory.  
I looked to all hearts to receive  
The love that I sent,—  
And so I went out in the world  
With my lofty intent!

Years passed; now, alas, I stand here,  
And the fire is all dead,  
I could creep away gladly and hide  
With dust on my head.  
I cannot believe in the world  
With the sweet olden trust,  
And I find wherever I go  
Men are hard and unjust.

I am tired of learning how smiles  
Cover falsehood beneath,  
And the way the world clings to its wrongs  
Is more bitter than death.  
Who cares for the great things I meant,  
Or a warm hand extends?  
I am chilled by man's coldness and scorn,  
I have lost all my friends!

Yet still the green fields are the same,  
With the sunshine and dew,—  
And I love the grand sweep of the hills,  
Unchanging and true.  
Oh, would I could see from the world  
And its cold careless stare,  
To win a new life from the trees  
And the pure woodland air.

But a hero must fight to the last,  
And it may be in Heaven  
God accepts my great dreams since I tried  
To make deeds with dreams even.  
God is great, and the world is His charge,  
Through scorn and through pain,  
He can lead us with palms in our hands;  
I have not lived in vain!

## SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

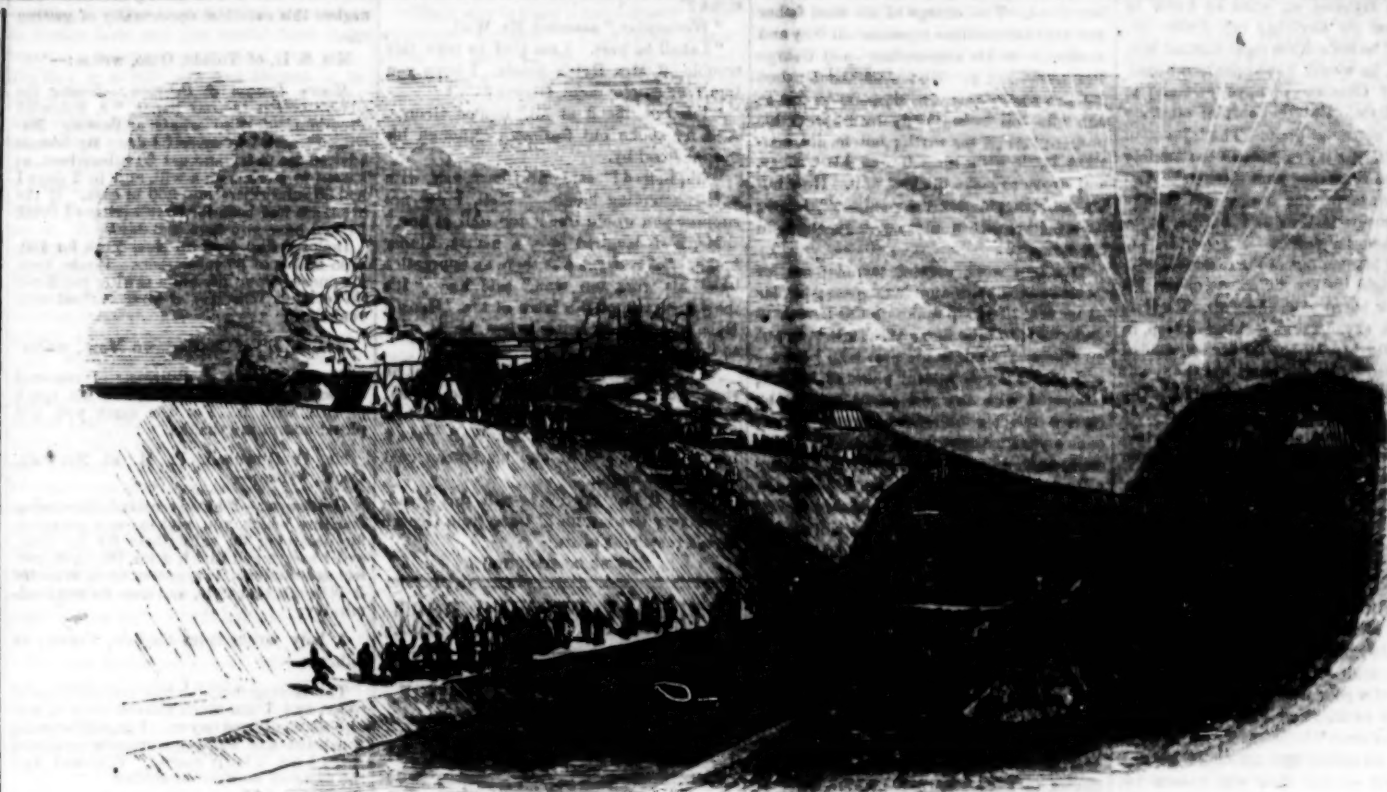
BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE,"  
"EAST LYONS," "THE CHANNINGES," ETC.

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### CHAPTER X.

A PROSPECT FOR GEORGE.

You might scarcely have thought, to look at the assemblage in the drawing-room at Trevlyn Farm, that they had collected on the occasion of laying to rest the body of a man. Mrs. Ryle sat, equably composed; Nora was in and out, as on ordinary days, appearing scarcely at ease in her crape and bombazine; George and Trevlyn, now seated together, exchanged occasional words in a whisper; and the four gentlemen sat on the opposite side of the fire to Mrs. Ryle, three of them smoking long, church-warden pipes. On a small round table in their vicinity was the silver tankard just bequeathed to Trevlyn. The Ryle arms were on it, "T.



SHIP-CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

R." underneath the shield. It was full of ale, and each of the gentlemen sipped it in turn. But it must not be supposed that the solemnity of the day was lost sight of; the pipes and ale were deemed necessary accessories to these sad meetings, and no hospitality could have held up its head in Barbrook, had it not introduced them.

There is an etiquette, or usage, I say, with regard to these things in many parts of this country. Mr. Chattaway would, no doubt, have preferred to depart, but the smoking a pipe by the returned mourners is looked upon as a sort of requisite sociability, an earnest of good fellowship, and Mr. Chattaway did not see fit to decline it. He could not plead the habit of non-smoking, as the surgeon could.

"What shall you do with the boys, Mrs. Ryle?" suddenly asked Farmer Apperley.

"Trev, of course, will go to school as usual," she replied. "George—I have not decided about George."

"Shall I have to leave school?" cried George, looking up with a start.

"Of course, you will," said Mrs. Ryle.

"But what will become of my Latin; of my studies altogether?" returned George, in a tone of dismay. "You know, mamma, I—"

"It cannot be helped, George," she interrupted, speaking in the uncompromisingly decisive manner, so characteristic of her; as of her sister, Miss Diana Trevlyn. "You must turn your attention to something more profitable than schooling, now."

"If a boy at fifteen has not had schooling enough, I'd like to know when he has had it!" interposed Farmer Apperley, who neither understood nor approved of the strides which education and intellect had made since the time when he was a boy.

Very substantial people in his day had been content to learn to read, and write, and cipher, and to deem that amount of learning sufficient to grow rich upon. As the Dutch professor did to whom George Primrose wished to teach Greek, but who declined the offer. He had never learned Greek; he had lived, and ate, and slept without Greek; and therefore he did not see any good in Greek. Thus it was with Farmer Apperley.

"What do you learn at school, George?" questioned Mr. Berkley.

"Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and—"

"But, George, were will be the good of such things to you?" cried Farmer Apperley, not allowing him to finish the catalogue. "Latin, and Greek, and mathematics! that is fine, that is!"

"I don't see much good in giving a boy that ayle of education, myself," put in Mr. Chattaway, before anyone else had time to speak. "Unless he is to be put to a profession, the classics only lie fallow in the memory. I hated them, I know that; I and my brother, too. Many and many a cauling we have had over our Latin, until we wished the dratted books at the bottom of

the sea. Twelve months after we left school we could not have construed a page, had it been put before us. That's all the good the learning Latin did for us."

"I shall keep up my Latin and Greek," observed George, very independently, "although I may have to leave school."

"Why need you keep it up?" asked Mr. Chattaway, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

"Why?" echoed George. "I like it, for one thing. And a knowledge of the classics is necessary to a gentleman, now-a-days."

"Necessary to what?" cried Mr. Chattaway.

"To a gentleman," repeated George.

"Oh," said Mr. Chattaway. "Do you think of being one?"

"Yes, I do," replied George, in a tone as decisive as any ever used by his step-mother.

This bold assertion nearly took away the breath of Farmer Apperley. Had George Ryle announced his intention to become a Botany Bay convict, Mr. Apperley's consternation had been scarcely less. The same word will bear different constructions to different minds. That of "gentleman" in the mouth of George, could only bear one to the plain and simple farmer.

"Hey, lad! What wild notions have ye been getting in your head?" he asked.

"George," spoke Mrs. Ryle almost at the same moment, "are you going to give me trouble at the very onset? There is nothing for you to look forward to, but work. Your father said it."

"Of course, I look forward to work, mamma," returned George, as cheerfully as he could speak that sad afternoon. "But that will not prevent my being a gentleman."

"George, I fancy you may be somewhat misusing terms," remarked the surgeon, who was an old inhabitant of that rustic district, and a little more advanced in notions than the rest. "What you meant to say was, that you would be a good, and honorable, and upright man; not a mean one. Was it not?"

"Yes," said George, after an imperceptible hesitation. "Something of that."

"The boy did not express himself clearly, you see," said Mr. King, looking round on the rest. "He means right."

"Don't you ever talk about being a gentleman again, my lad," cried Farmer Apperley, with a sagacious nod. "It would make the neighbors think you were going on for bad ways. A gentleman is one who follows the hounds in white smalls and a scarlet coat, and goes to dinners and drinks wine, and never puts his hands to anything, but leads an idle life."

"That is not the sort of gentleman I meant," said George.

"It is to be hoped it's not," emphatically replied the farmer. "A man may do this if he has got a good fat banker's book, George, but not else. You know Farmer Willis, of the Grove?"

"To be sure I do," replied George.

"Well, his eldest son thought he'd put up for a gentleman. It was when you were in petticoats, my boy, so you can't remember much about it. He turned up his nose at farming and at everything else respectable, did young Ben Willis, and at last his father put him to a lawyer at Barminster, to be a gentleman, as Ben harped upon. A sight of money it cost: the stamp alone took a hundred and twenty pounds. A hundred and twenty pounds in good hard cash!" repeated Mr. Apperley, lifting his pipe and holding it extended, to give force to the words. "Ben thought he was a gentleman then, and Ben began at gentlemen's work. He got a scarlet coat, he did; and he got a hunter, and he was to be seen at public dinners, and in the boxes at the play, and in the billiard-rooms—as Barminster can remember to this day. It wasn't over much that his office had of him, and people thought there was blame on the lawyer's part. The worst was, that those fine pastimes were not had for nothing. Ben got 'em upon tick; and when the time came for payment, he paid in promises and bills—which is a sort of coin that don't answer. He was not a gentleman long, George. He was clapped into an ugly building that's called a jail, with a great big debt upon him. His father bought him out of it; paid the money for him—I wouldn't if it had been my son—and Ben was at large again. Not a week had he been out—were you minding me, George?—when he was taken upon another big debt, and clapped into the same place; and before he got out this time other big debts came down upon him, and it was found there was no end to 'em. He took the benefit of the Insolvent Act, and that about finished him, for he did no good after it. Trouble and trouble, and scampering doings, and wickedness; until at last Ben had to cut off to some distant part, for Barminster got too hot for him; and where he is now nobody knows. And all the money and the hundred and twenty pound stamp was lost; wasted; old Willis might just as well have chucked it down the gutter. That's what comes of setting up for a gentleman."

George made no answering remark. To have explained how very different his notions of a gentleman were from those of Farmer Apperley's, might have involved him in a long conversation. His silence was looked suspiciously upon by Mr. Chattaway.

"Where idle and roving notions are taken up, there's only one cure for them," he remarked, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak. "And that is hard work."

But that George's spirit was subdued, he might have hotly answered that he had taken up neither idle nor roving notions. As it was, he sat in silence.

"I doubt whether it will be prudent to keep George at home," said Mrs. Ryle, speaking generally, not to Mr. Chattaway.

"He is too young to do much good upon the farm. And there's John Pinder."

"John Pinder would do his best, so doubt," said Mr. Chattaway.

"The question is—if I do resolve to put George out, what can I put him to?" resumed Mrs. Ryle.

"Papa thought it best that I should stay on the farm," interposed George, his heart beating a shade quicker.

"He thought it best that I should exercise my own judgment in the matter," corrected Mrs. Ryle. "The worst is, in placing a lad out, it takes money," she added, looking at Farmer Apperley.

"It does that," replied the farmer.

"There's nothing like a trade for boys," said Mr. Chattaway, impressively. "They learn to get a good living, and they are kept out of mischief. It appears to me that Mrs. Ryle will have enough expense upon her hands, without the cost and keep of George being added to it. What service can such a boy as he is be of upon the farm?"

"True," mused Mrs. Ryle, agreeing for once with Mr. Chattaway. "He could not be of much at present. But the cost of placing him out?"

"Of course he could not," repeated Mr. Chattaway, with an eagerness which might have betrayed his motive to suspicion, but that he coughed it down. "Perhaps I may be able to manage the putting him out for you, without cost. I know of an eligible place where there's a vacancy. The trade is a good one, too."

"I am not going to any trade," spoke George, looking Mr. Chattaway full in the face.

"You are going where Mrs. Ryle thinks fit that you shall go," returned Mr. Chattaway, in a hard, cold tone. "If I can get you into the establishment of Wall and Barnes without premium, it will be a first-rate thing for you. There's no business, going, more profitable than a linen-draper's."

All the blood in George Ryle's body seemed to rush to his face. Poor though they had become in point of money, trade had been unknown in their family, and its sound in George's ears, as applied to himself, was something terrible. "That is a retail shop!" he cried, rising from his seat in a commotion.

"Well!" said Mr. Chattaway.

They remained looking at each other. George with his changing face, flushing to crimson, fading to paleness with emotion, and Mr. Chattaway with his composed leaden one. His light eyes were sternly directed to George, but he did not take his pipe from his lips.

"You should never force me there, Mr. Chattaway."

Mr. Chattaway rose from his seat, took George by the shoulder, and turned him towards the window. The view did not overlook much of the road to Barbrook, the lower road; but a glimpse of it might be caught sight of here and there, winding along in the distance.

"Boy! do you remember what was carried down that road this afternoon—what

you followed next to, with your younger brother?—and that you were not to even your mother, but to stay here in all things. These are only minutes to begin to turn against your father's dying charge."

George sat down, his head throbbing, his heart burning. He did not see his duty very distinctly before him then. The father certainly had charged him to obey his mother's bequest; he had left him entirely subject to her control; but George felt perfectly sure that his father would never have placed him in a retail shop; would not have allowed him to enter one.

Mr. Chattaway continued talking, but the boy heard him not. He was leaning towards Mrs. Ryle, enlarging upon the advantages of the plan in persuasive language. He knew that Wall and Barnes had taken a boy into their house without premium, he said, and he believed he could induce them to waive it in George's case. He said Wall had been at school together; had passed many an impatient hour over the Latin, previously spoken of; and he often called in to have a chat with him in passing. Wall was a ten thousand pound man now; and George might become the same in time.

"How would you like to place Christopher at it, Mr. Chattaway?" asked George, his breast heaving.

"Christopher?" indignantly responded Mr. Chattaway. "Christopher's hair to Trev—Christopher, isn't you?" he concluded, cutting his first retort short. In the presence of Mrs. Ryle it might not be altogether prudent to allude to the hairship of Oris to Trevlyn Hold.

The sum named conciliated the ear of Mr. Apperley, otherwise he had not listened with any favor to the plan. "Ten thousand pounds! And Wall but a middle-aged man! That's worth thinking of, George."

"I could never live in a shop; the close air, the confinement, would stifle me," said George, with a sort of wall.

"You'd rather live in a thunder storm, with the rain coming down on your head in bucketsful," said Mr. Chattaway, sarcastically.

"A great deal," said George.

Farmer Apperley did not detect the irony of Mr. Chattaway's remark, or the bitterness of the answer. "You'll say next, boy, that you'd rather go for a sailor, and be exposed to the weather night and day, perched midway between sky and water!"

"So I would," was George's truthful answer. "Mamma! let me stay at the farm!" he cried, the nervous motion of his hands, the strained countenance, proving how momentous was the question to his grieved heart. "You do not know how useful I should soon become! And papa wished it."

Mrs. Ryle shook her head. "You are too young, George, to be of use. No."

George seemed to turn white; face, and heart, and all. He was approaching Mrs. Ryle with an imploring gesture; but Mr. Chattaway caught his arm and pushed him to his seat again. "George, if I were you, I would not, on this day, cross my mother."

George glanced at her. Not a shade of love, of relenting was there on her countenance. Cold, haughty, self-willed, it always was; but more cold, more haughty, more self-willed than usual now. He turned and left the room, his heart bursting.

Crossing the front kitchen, where an elaborate tea was set out, ready against the drawing-room should ring for it, George entered the parlor, whence but two hours before his father had been carried. "Oh, papa! papa! if you were but back again!" he sobbed, in his bitter grief, the hot tears raining from his eyes as he hid his face on the sofa. "I have no one to care for me now; no father, no friend!"

Yes you have, George. There is One who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless.

### CHAPTER XI.

INFIDENT REBELLION.

Borne down by the powers above him, George Ryle could only succumb to their will. Persuaded by the eloquence of Mr. Chattaway, Mrs. Ryle became convinced that the placing out of George in the establishment of Wall and Barnes was the most appropriate thing that could be found for him, the most promising. The great wonder was, that she should have brought herself to listen to Chattaway at all, or have entertained for a moment any proposal emanating from him. There could have been but one solution to the riddle; that of her own anxiety to get George settled in something away from home. Down deep in the heart of Mrs. Ryle there was seated a deep sense of injury—of injustice—of wrong.



10



# SITTING UP.

The solid masonry of a handsome West-End mansion becomes transparent as plate-glass, and I see all that passes within. In a chamber on the second floor, furnished with curious simplicity, lies a gray-headed gentleman, evidently an old campaigner, sleeping heavily. He rests upon his old camp-bed, his old simple camp-furniture is around him, and his old sword hangs in the place of honor above the mantelpiece. At ten o'clock his head was laid upon his hard pillow, and in five minutes he was in the land of dreams. He will be stirring at five in the morning, when he will light his lamp-stove and make his own coffee for breakfast. The clock has now just struck three, and some one is "sitting up." The watcher is a girl of about sixteen; she is not absolutely pretty, I think, at any time, but we see her to a great disadvantage now, for her eyes are red with weeping, and her hair is all loosened where she has laid her head upon her hands, and is twisted up and thrust away behind her ears in disorder. But you can see that the face is a loving and a gentle one. She wears a simple evening-dress, a spotted muslin, if I remember right, and holds a dark shawl tightly wrapped round her shoulders. (The gray morning is very chilly.) Lightly she trips down the silent stairs, and listens at the old man's door. His measured breathing shows her that he is still fast asleep, and with a sigh of relief she passes on. As she is about to descend further, the opposite door opens, and a lady somewhat more advanced in life appears and asks, "Is that you, Jessie?" "Hush! yes."

"Has he come in yet?" "No, dear, not yet."

"Is he often so late?" "Oh, pray do not speak so loud. If papa were to hear!"

"My poor pet, how pale you look!" whispers the matron sister. "Go to bed, Jessie; I will sit up and let him in. Do you go to bed now, Jessie."

"No, no," she replies, hurriedly disengaging herself from the sister's arms. "You would not understand him. He would mislead me, and perhaps make a noise. He was but a child when you married, and you have been so long away. I must wait up. See, there's little Charley waking; for Heaven's sake, Marion, go back to your room and quiet him."

In an instant the young mother is at the side of her child, a blue-eyed, curly-haired boy of some three years old, the image of his absent sailor father. Little Charley is sitting up in his cot, frightened at waking and finding himself alone, and is making up his mind and his face for a cry.

"Mamma is with you, darling; mamma is here. Don't cry, dearie," whispers Marion, "or you will wake grandpapa."

"Charley wants 'oo come to bye-bye 'coself," says the child, in a sleepy voice; "why don't 'oo come to bye-bye, mamma? Is Uncle Will naughty again to-night?"

His mother, dashing away her tears, kisses him eagerly, and, slaking upon her knees beside the cot, cries in a voice half-stifled with sobs, "Oh, Charley, Charley! mother's blessing! mother's pride! pray to God, dear, with poor mother, that if He will spare you to be a man, you may not break poor mamma's heart."

Meanwhile Jessie has passed down into the hall; has drawn noiselessly the bolts of the street door; has undone the chain; has hitched back the catch of the lock; and stands leaning her aching temples against the cold wall, gazing anxiously through the narrow porch-window up the deserted street, watching for a profligate brother's return.

He is only just twenty-two; has a pleasant home and a good allowance. He makes a mere caravanserai of the one, and squanders a quarter's instalment of the other in a fortnight. Twice has his father had to withdraw a considerable sum from what should be Jessie's dowry to pay the spendthrift's debts; and the old soldier has sworn a round oath that not another shilling shall he have to save him from a gaol. When the last payment was made, he had nearly seen the interior of one, and was very penitent, declaring that, if extricated only this once, he would give up for ever and a day those disreputable haunts where his wild oats had been sown; would live within his means, and never, never, never be out of the house later than twelve o'clock at night.

Why, then, is Jessie "sitting up," and what has become of her pretty brocade? Ah, me! Providence never creates a scamp without providing a gentle, loving woman to worship him, and to be trampled upon in return.

Where is Jessie's brother now? Shall we follow him into the society he prefers to that of his home? I think not. Enough be it to say that he is "having his fling" in one of Satan's anterooms situated near the Haymarket, pouring out libations of sparkling Moselle upon the shrine of the most highly-decorated Thale of modern times.

Presently Jessie's brother will reel homeward. She will see him afar off, and have the door open when he staggers up; will take off his muddy boots with her delicate hands; will lead him to bed, and watch by him till he is deep in drunken slumber. Then she may go to rest herself, and there will be no more "sitting up" for her till to-morrow night.

# ANOTHER.

He has chambers in the Albany, a shooting-box in Scotland, and a yacht at Southampton. His age is thirty-one; he has twelve thousand a year, and—something else. He has had half-a-dozen jolly fellows to supper to-night, and there has been some playing at loo and other diversions at his expense. The last of his guests has departed now, and he is "sitting up." Why? He has no work to do; he has no one to wait for. It is half-past two o'clock. There, in the next room, is his luxurious bed. Why does he not seek it? Simply because, if he went to bed, he might fall asleep, and then—ugh! the ugly dream. Look at him in the daytime, hanging about his club or prancing in Rotten Row, and you would think there was not a happier young fellow upon town. His face is a little red and bloated, to be sure; but what of that? At night, when surrounded by friends, or in some place of amusement or public resort, he is apparently an enviable person; but at home, alone with his valet, he would shrink, or perhaps fall into a fit, if he were for a moment left quite alone. He is a wretch who would gladly change places with the meanest beggar in the streets. The "something else" that he has got besides twelve thousand a year, is *delirium tremens*. So, when the guests have all left, and his valet proceeds to fasten the outer door, this miserable creature whimpers after him like a frightened child, and follows him into the passage holding him by the coat, begging and praying that he will not leave him, swearing, and abusing, and bribing him never to go out of sight, and not to let them come in to-night. Then he will sit down by the fire, and moon and cry, and curse his patient servant for letting the snakes get upon the table, until at last he falls asleep from sheer exhaustion, and is carried off to bed. Not a pleasant picture this "sitting up." It will not last long.

# ANOTHER.

The new streets are as quiet as the grave, not even a policeman stirring. In all this long row of neat little villas, that stand two and two in patches of gardens, each trying to look as though the other belonged to it, I can see but one window that is lighted up. Quick, Asmodeus! strip me off the front of this house, that I may search it for "sitters-up." No great labor is before me, for it is only a size or two larger than a spacious doll's "house." There is a miniature garden, which leads to a miniature porch, through which you pass into a miniature hall, out of which you turn into a miniature parlor, which would be the smallest in the world if it did not lead through folding doors into one smaller still. Much apartment has its miniature white-marble mantelpiece, and the front one looks out through a miniature bow-window, shaded with miniature Venetian blinds, into the miniature garden. At the end of the passage is a miniature kitchen, and above are three miniature bedrooms and a doll's cupboard, which under a powerful lens would look what it is called, a "dressing-room." The carpets are all new, and so is the sideboard in the front parlor; but the looking-glass over the mantelpiece and some of the chairs are of the straight-up-and-down pattern that one never sees now-a-days except in second-rate brokers' shops and old posting hotels that the railways have driven into a state of cretinism. Small as they are, the rooms strike you as looking bare. There are no ornaments; all the furniture is for use, and wonderfully neat and spotless it is. Let me try and read the history of this house and its "sitters-up" before they speak. One is an old lady with a widow's cap and a mourning dress; the other—there are but two—is a young lady, evidently her daughter. The former has been reading Blair's Sermons, and the book is lying in her lap with her hands folded over it, whilst she gazes into the fire. The latter has been busy working little pieces of linen and cambric and lace and very fine flannel into strange shapes; making little caps and frocks and warm garments, perhaps for the doll to whom the house belongs, or who will take possession shortly. But her work has fallen unheeded to the ground, and leaning her head upon her hand she has given herself up to meditations which cast the shadow of pain over her pretty face. Poor young thing, not yet nineteen, a wife, and soon to be a mother! Will the shadow deepen as the night goes on? There is a tray covered up carefully with a coarse but snowy cloth upon the sideboard, and over it the portrait of a gentleman dressed in the costume of 1810. A handsome, dashing-looking fellow he must have been in his prime—too dashing, I am afraid; for I fancy that I can see in the few pieces of handsome but old-fashioned furniture, that look so unwieldy in the little room, the fragments of a wreck. The homely repeat in the tray is not spread for him. The rusty black crane and the widow's cap are, I am sure, worn in his memory. They are "sitting up" for some one else. There is a look of carelessness and irresolution in the handsome face. I can imagine such things as life-insurances suffered to drop, and evil days put off, till one most evil came and found the widow and the orphan thrown penniless upon the world.

The striking of the cheap French clock rouses the old lady from a doze.

"Two o'clock!" she exclaims, throwing up her hands. "Well, if it is not scandalous, Basie, keeping you up in this way—in your condition too! Oh, men are always selfish!" and the old lady shakes her head pettishly.

"Dear mother," replies Basie, in a tone which implies there is no novelty in the complaint, "you know he cannot help it. Besides, he does not wish me to sit up."

"Then why do you?" "Oh, I like to give him his supper, poor dear, after his hard night's work."

"Night's work?" repeats the old lady, "that's just it; why can't he work in the day time, like a Christian?"

"I think I have told you before, mamma," replies Basie very quietly, "that it is the duty of a sub-editor to see the paper 'put to bed,' as they call it; and this cannot be done till the very last moment, in order that the very latest news may be printed."

"Then why is John a sub-editor?" is the querulous demand. "Your poor father could not abide editors. If your husband must write, why can't he be a secretary to some nobleman, or go into the Treasury—there are some very gentlemanly appointments, I hear, in the Treasury?"

"John has no interest, dear," replies Basie, taking up her work again. "We have reason to be very thankful that he has his present engagement. There are so many clever men about now; none so clever as he is, though," the young wife adds; and a flash of pride lights up her eye, though a tear has only just fallen from her cheek upon the little lace cap that her busy fingers are shaping.

"Then," says the old lady, coming again to the charge, "why don't he do something clever? If he must write, why don't he write some book that will make his fortune, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Johnson's Dictionary*, or the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or—"

A rattle in the lock of the outer door puts an abrupt check to those valuable suggestions, and in a moment John—the bread-winner—is in his wife's arms. Do you know the look of a man who has done a hard day's work and is pleased with it? Well, John has that look. His shirt is tumbled, his hands are grimy with dust and ink, his light curly hair is in wild disorder; but there is no mistaking him for other than a thorough gentleman and an honest and loving man. Nimble fingers wipe away the snowy cloth from over the tray, and lo! there is disclosed a prime little piece of cold stewed beef, a crusty loaf, a saucerful of walnut-pickles, and a bottle of bitter beer—a supper for an Emperor, provided he is hungry and has a good digestion. Basie is here, and there, and everywhere, all at once. See is taking off John's coat; she is putting on his slippers; she is opening his bottle of beer; she is filling his plate with good things; she is kissing him. When he is well settled down to his repast, she goes over to the old lady and kisses her; and the old lady tries to look stern, and fails miserably. It is a very pleasant scene. I see no wrack now. I see the good ship *Perseverance* beating up against wind and tide to weather Cape Independence. Every sail is set, all lumber is cleared away, and John Prince is at the helm. *Bon voyage*, John Prince! The breakers that lay ahead a few hours ago are away yonder upon your quarter, far to leeward; and the white foam dashes madly over their jagged heads as your gallant bark speeds onwards.

There is an expression upon John's face that I cannot quite make out. He chuckles slyly to himself now and then, and looks a look over at his mother-in-law, as she sits doing by the fire, which says as plainly as these types could render it: "You are a very nice old lady; but two's company, and three's none."

Perhaps the old lady sees that John has something for his wife's ear; at any rate she lights her candle and wishes them good-night, declaring—not for the first time—that he ought to be ashamed of himself for keeping such profligate hours. Whereat John, who has risen and opened the door for her, throws his arm round the place where once was her waist, and kisses her violently, to her intense astonishment.

When she has gone, he returns to the fireside and placing his two hands on Basie's shoulders, gazes steadfastly into her great honest eyes. Then he draws her towards him, and lays her head upon his bosom, and softly and tenderly caresses it—there—as though she had been a hurt child, and he was soothing her to forget the pain.

"I have been working very hard for these last three weeks, Basie."

"You have indeed, dearie."

"And have kept you up very late on Friday nights?"

"Not very late, dear," she murmurs, creeping closer into his arms.

"Mr. Clancey is no better."

"Oh, dear; then you'll have more hard work. When will he come back?"

"Never, Basie."

"Is he dead?" she asked, with a start.

"No; that is to say, not as you mean. He has got brain disease; and the doctors say he must travel abroad, and not write or read a line for three years. Poor Clancey is dead to literature, Basie, and the *Recorder* must look out for a new editor."

There is a great flutter in the heart that beats against his own; the gentle arms that are around him tremble.

"Oh, John," she murmurs, "after all you've done—could not you—would it be right for—oh, I don't know, but—might there not be a chance, a little chance, John, of—of—"

"Of what, my pet?" "Of your becoming—of your—oh, you know what I mean. If you were not so proud, and would ask, after all that you have done—"

"You would have me ask to be made editor of the *Recorder*, Basie?"

"Not for my sake, dear," she replies quickly, "but for the child—Oh, John, John!" and she hid her face and wept.

"Basie," he says firmly, "I will never ask for this."

Then she looked him in the face, gave a long deep sigh, and wiping away her tears kissed him on the forehead, saying—nothing.

"I will not ask for this," he repeats, pressing her with exultation to his heart. "It is mine without asking. It was offered me this night, in the handsomest manner. I am a made man, Basie. My salary is more than trebled from this day. No more want, no more care, true wife: no more—"

# FILTH AND HEALTH.

The filthiest people in semi-civilised creation are the fishermen of the Ferroe Islands, and yet they live longer, on an average, than any people of the globe, their death-rate being only twelve out of a thousand, of all ages, in one year; in New York City it has been reported over thirty in a thousand annually. Several years ago Dr. McFarlane, of New Orleans, proved by statistics that the filthiest portion of that city, the swamp in the rear, was the last to be attacked with yellow fever, and that it abated there as soon as anywhere else; he concluded, therefore, that living in water, mud and filth, where alligators, dogs, cats, mice and men were in a state of putrefaction, was a preventive of yellow fever, cholera, diarrhoea, etc. And yet the common sense of every man teaches him that pure air and personal cleanliness in their habitations must be promotive of health in all ages and in all climates. Much of the error in morals and physics arises from confounding facts and principles with influences and deductions. A fact is one thing, an inference is another, and often quite distinct. It is a fact that a man who had a chance of stealing a thousand dollars did not do it, but the inference that therefore he is perfectly honest is not legitimate, for, ten to one, the reason he did not do it was because he was not perfectly sure of not being found out. Many a fellow's repentance begins, not with the commission of the sin, but on the instant of his being found to have been a sinner. We must look at whole facts to become truly wise. Yellow fever and other miasmatic diseases cease among the people living in the swamps in the rear of New Orleans as soon as anywhere else, simply because hard frosts put an end to it everywhere; and we know, by having lived on the spot for many years, that it appears in the swamps sooner or later in the season, not according as the people are more or less dirty, but according to the time at which the bottom of the swamp becomes exposed to a hot sun by the previous evaporation of the water which covered it. If there are many heavy rains during the summer or autumn, or a cold summer, or a late subsidence of the Mississippi, or frequent and long "blows" from the lake inland, there will be no epidemic in the "swamp," however severe it may be in the city. The filthy Ferroe Islanders live long, not because their housekeeping is indescribably filthy, but because during the entire summer their homes are abandoned for the fisheries on the sea; and when they return it is so cold that everything is frozen up, and there is no decomposition of filth and no evaporation of deadly miasma. As to M. Delbruck's new theory of ventilation, or rather no ventilation at all, it is enough to say for the present that man is neither a pig, nor a goose, nor a goat, and that if the breathing of effete carbonic acid gas promoted health, the wise Maker of us all would have given it to us to breathe instead of the pure air of all out-doors. Men may live in spite of bad air, as they sometimes do in spite of being soaked in rum. Besides, there are always antagonizing influences at work, and various modifying circumstances which readily suggest themselves to educated men; meanwhile, let all hear in mind that sleeping in a pure atmosphere, in our latitudes at least, is indispensable to good health and a long life.—*Dr. Hall.*

# NEWS ITEMS.

An English house doing an extensive business in this country has just given evidence of its confidence in the character of our Government securities. Instead of remitting at the current rate of exchange, the New York representatives have been instructed to invest about \$75,000 in United States six per cent.

Four negro regiments, it is thought, will be raised in this country. The 1st will be commanded by Col. Frisquith, the 2nd by Col. Angerich, the 3rd by Col. Logan, and the 4th by Col. Vanlaven. About 2,000 colored men have already been raised in this city, and only await the proper formalities from the War Department to organize into companies.

It is said that rebel prisoners who have arrived in Washington, report that on Monday and Tuesday, six or eight of our gunboats passed Fort Sumpter, and that Charleston was being shelled. On the other hand, a Charleston dispatch, dated the 15th, says: "All is quiet along the coast to-night. The 19th was the day which the insurgents had selected as that on which the attack was to be made—that being the highest day of the spring tide."

Sixteen new iron-clads, it is expected, will be added to the navy during the present year.

# HOW COAL IS FORMED.

The land on which coal plants grew has passed away; no human eye will see their like again—no human eye saw them, no human hand touched a leaf of these gigantic trees and ferns. No limner's art ever portrayed those dense forests, nor surveyor's pen mapped down the broad estates on which they rankly grew. But curiously as the rays of light tell us of burning metals in the sun, so will the segregation of the earthly particles into which their long and creeping roots penetrated the bedding of the grains of sand and clay which intimately covered them up, tell us the story of the accident physical condition, under whose influence lifeless trunks, and leaves, and boughs became converted into coal.

Low were these ancient lands, surrounded by marsh swamps, bounded by shallow estuaries, up which salt sea water gently rose and fell; one can scarcely speak of tides, so smoothly between the stems and undergrowth of water loving tree rubens, and through the tangled jungle it sluggishly flowed. Into the muddy waters of estuary and lake, and on the oozy ground around, the leaves fell year by year, as autumn chills unclothed the trees. As the trees too, in the roll of time, rotted at their bases by the watery medium in which they grew, toppled over, and became immersed in the boggy soil under a surface coating of ferns and humbler plants, mixed with mosses; the rank herbage ever growing, rotting and fermenting. Green and verdant at the top, dark, black, heated and distilling out from the decaying vegetable matter, globules of bitumen below, to mingle with and penetrate the half-rotted, closely-matted mass of leaves and fibres, and of porous wood. Thus was the coal-seam formed. It was not open to the day until it had dried into the turf, or rotted into soil. But it was covered up at a certain stage of its elaboration, and preserved for human use.

It may have completed in the earth the process of its conversion into coal, but it was originally the produce of the *debris* of a living vegetation buried under a covering of mud. The accumulation might have long been going on near the surface, new bitumen seeping below going on for ages before the mass was buried in. Covered in at last, stratum after stratum of mud and sand are piled over it, the weight of the superincumbent materials presses down the spongy fibrous upper part of the future coal-seam into the bituminous lower portion, the semi-fluid bitumen is squeezed upwards among the compressed fibres, and forced into the pores of the wood, the thickness of the vegetable bed is reduced, and it becomes an almost solid mass of wood and vegetable fibres, impregnated with the bitumen distilled from itself. If it had parted with its gases and bitumen before it had been covered in, it might have become fossil heat. But coal, the produce would never have been. Briefly, then, such was the origin of coal. This view of the matter excludes at once the anthracites from any right to the term of coal. Next, to dispose of the lignites, may, or may not at some future time—ages to come—be converted into coal. They are not coal yet; they are still ligneous.

The wood structure is so well preserved in the brown coal of Switzerland and Germany, that in some places it is used for rafters, beams, and other building purposes. The stages of elaboration are not yet complete, which are requisite for the production of coal. It is the labor, not the man. Anthracite has lost its bitumen. It is the corpse. Shale is the path on which the corpse was laid. It may be saturated with its blood, but it is not the body.

# A PLEA FOR MERCY.

Gently, gently lay Thy rod On my sinful head, O God! Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay, Lest I sink before its sway. Heal me, for my flesh is weak; Heal me, for Thy grace I seek; This the only plea I make— Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

A small incident which occurred at Glendale, Italy, brought to our minds a common saying everywhere, but which has no force in cold climates. We met a girl with a basket of fine figs, some of which we attempted to purchase, when her father came up, and insisted on our taking as many as we wanted, scouting the idea of any one taking money for figs. The proverb, "Not worth a fig," is evidently imported from the south. At Glendale, which from its low and sheltered situation, is very warm, figs are abundant and excellent.

Cotton and cotton goods are now coming from Asia, whence we were accustomed to receive them in olden time, while of late years Eastern Asia has been a great market for our manufactures. Now the tide has turned again. The ship *Emily Banning* has recently arrived from Japan with 700 bales of drills and shirtings from China, and advices are that the market will be supplied from that quarter. Three ships are reported on their way from Japan to England with cotton, which is fine, but has an inferior staple to our Southern cotton.

It is said there is no gas in Richmond, but after reading some of the papers published in that city, we know better.

# LATEST NEWS.

From Rosecrans' Department.—Death of Morgan and Breckinridge's Cavalry. The following dispatch was today received at the headquarters of the army: Murfreesboro', March 26.—Major Gen. Halleck, General in Chief: Gen. Rosecrans reports from Col. Hall's brigade, on a scout near Milton, on the road to Liberty, that he was attacked this morning by Morgan and Breckinridge's cavalry, about eight or ten hundred strong.

After a few hours' fight, we withdrew and drove them, with a loss to us of 17 killed and 81 wounded, including one captain. The rebel loss was 30 or 40 killed, including three commissioned officers, 140 wounded, and 12 prisoners. W. S. Rosecrans, Major General.

Secretary of the U. S. Senate at Mount Sterling, Ky.—Expected Attack on Paris.

CINCINNATI, March 26.—A special dispatch from Paris, Ky., to the Commercial Appeal, says:—The rebel Col. Otis approached our forces at Mount Sterling, Ky., at 5 o'clock this morning. Our troops, amounting to only 300 men, fought for four hours from the shelter of the houses in the town, but were finally compelled to surrender. The rebels then burned the place. It is believed that Col. Otis intends to attack Paris, Ky., to-night.

Misstatements. SYRACUSE, March 26.—Major Gen. E. V. Sumner died this morning at the residence of an son-in-law, Col. Tait, of consumption of the lungs. He was sick for a few days only.

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial says that a force of rebels have crossed the river Cumberland at Rowan, and were proceeding southward, with a view to enter Kentucky.

Morgan's guerrillas were whipped at McMinnville on Friday.

Jacksonville, Florida, is reported to have been taken by the negro troops on the 10th instant.

An organized attempt was made lately to burn down the city of Columbus, Ohio, but the flames were extinguished, though not until a large amount of property had been destroyed.

Advices from Mexico to the 2d inst. received by way of San Francisco, say that the French were then over thirty miles from the capital, and that there were no signs of an advance.

The steamer *Europa*, from Liverpool on the 7th inst., arrived at Halifax on Sunday. She brings papers of the 7th and telegrams of the 8th. The approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales and the entry of the Princess Alexandra into London was occupying the attention of the English people. The papers have nothing to say on American affairs. Parliament was discussing naval affairs. The King of Belgium had accepted the arbitration of the difficulties between Brazil and England. The English and French governments are reported to be quite agreed to the terms of their notes in Russia in regard to Poland. There is nothing important from France. The Pope refuses to accept Cardinal Antonelli's resignation. News from China states that an expedition was organizing at Shanghai for a movement against Nankin.

You lay all your plans to accomplish an object, and miss it, while the good that you never dream of obtaining comes to you unsought.—*Gail Hamilton.*

French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre Cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved on it, and the words underneath—"Judge how we loved him!"

The editor of the *Arcostook Pioneer*, hearing that a bear had been seen in the woods, very valourously went out to capture it, but on reaching the den found that the animal had evacuated. Lucky for the editor.

According to a recent article in a magazine, nearly one-third of the women of England never marry, and three millions of females are thrown upon their own exertions for support.

The real genuine original sea-serpent is said to have been caught on the east coast of South America. He was one hundred and fifty feet long, with a head and tail like a lizard, and it took six men to carry one of his ribs.

An old toper out West, says the two most precious things now included in hoops are girls and kegs of whiskey.

"Toiy," what old the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea? "I don't know, mamma, but I guess dried themselves."

It is said that one of the members of the Maine Legislature has a remarkable resemblance to President Lincoln. The gentleman is said to be daily sensible that he is the President's counterpart, and enjoys it as much as anybody else.

Prentice is assured that Gen. Rosecrans' army is invincible. It will fight as if a thousand 10th-of-July and birthdays of Washington were burning in its veins.

Little Patti is said to have bargained a net \$9,000 in Paris. She has gone to Venice.

What rifle carries the maximum distance? asked a lady of an officer. The *minnie*, mamma, was the reply.

A N. Y. joker asks, when is charity like a top? and answers, when it begins to turn.

Nothing is more remarkable, as connected with Roman monuments, than the absence of the mournful element. The skull and cross-bones belong to a period of corrupted taste. The dead are thought of by the classics as *those who have ceased to labor*, as Death is symbolized on a Pompeian monument by a ship entering the port. With a beautiful simplicity Christian Germany still speaks of the departed as "those who have gone home."







## SERENADE

BY SHELLEY.

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering air they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
The champagne odors fall  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must die on thine,  
Oh, beloved, as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fall!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale;  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast;  
Oh! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

## COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &amp;c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER XII.

Billy had no opportunity for the proposed communication. Outside the door of the bride's chamber stood Helen, in close conversation with her cousin, Harvey Floyd. Both were laughing, for if Harvey attached any importance to the Colonel's threat of retribution upon the slandering Robert, he kindly and discreetly refrained from whispering to her a syllable relating to this part of the scene, which she pretended to describe to her with great exactness and evident enjoyment. The consultation was broken off by the outburst from the adjoining room, of a figure in white robes.

"Helen Gardner! why aren't you in hysterics, or swooning, or something like that—as is suitable and graceful in the circumstances? I should be terrified into convulsions, if I were in your place. An hour after the time set for the ceremony, and not a word from the bridegroom! It's a perfect scandal—or, else, some terrible accident has happened—and in either case, you ought to go crazy!"

"I have just brought her a message that overrules the necessity of parting with her wits," replied Harvey. "The fortunate man is now on his way to happiness. I left him only half an hour ago. Aunt Ruth's newest cap was not ready in season, and he could not, as a dutiful nephew, leave her—while she was conscientiously opposed to wearing her second best. It was trimmed with green, which she said was an unlucky color at weddings. There were twelve yards of white satin ribbon to be furled upon the new one, and the last bow but one was being sewed on, when I came away; so they cannot be far behind me. You are divine, to-night, Miss Virginia!"

"Humbly!" with a smile of conscious vanity. "You ought to see Lily now! She is heavenly! So pure looking, so ethereal, so exactly like a snowflake, that you are positively afraid that she will melt away before your eyes—be exhaled like a dew-drop!"

"I hope she won't melt, or exhaled, while I am looking at her!" answered the saucy groomsmen. "Where is this same snow-drift, or snow-drop, or whatever you call her? I would like to take a parting look at her before she leaves this world for good and all!"

"In there, with the rest of them!" nodding backwards into Helen's room; and Harvey, taking the hinted invitation, walked himself into the midst of the fair and fluttering group.

There was a little scream of affected horror and surprise at his unceremonious entry; then the girls closed in upon him on every side.

"Mr. Floyd! what is the matter down stairs?"

"What makes you gentlemen so tardy? We're tired to death waiting!"

"Hain't Mr. Lay come yet? His shocking!" and similar inquiries pelted his ears—a confusing volley, even to one of his consummate impudence.

"All right! all right! He will be here shortly!" he repeated, over and over, with slight variations, until the babel subsided into a satisfied hum.

Lily had remained aloof, looking on, with sad contempt, that was heightened into disdain, when her cousin accosted her.

"Come, Lily! stand out into the light and let me see you! Miss Virginia likens you to snow-flakes, and dew-drops, and all manner of other beautiful things."

He pulled her towards him that he might take a better view.

"Don't, Harvey! you hurt me! Let me alone, I say!" she cried, sharply, trying to wrench her hands from his.

He held her tight.

"The half was not told me," said he, in mock reverence. "You are a gem—a star of the first lustre and sixth magnitude—but not snow! There's too much heat for that!"

If Virginia's simile had any effect, this external fairness was the moving crust veiling a volcanic heart. Lily's great eyes glittered feverishly; her skin was hot; her lips had a scarlet tinge.

"You are to walk with me, you know, Queen Mab," continued Harvey. "I shall watch you very closely but you unfold a pair of starry wings, and fly away."

"I know no such thing!" she retorted, peevishly, and Harvey perceived his blunder, when he recollected that Aleck Lay, as first groomsmen, was the attendant assigned to her.

The sound of an arrival below, relieved him from the necessity of fibbing to hide his lapsus linguae.

"There he is at last!"

He dropped the struggling hands and was off like the wind. Miss Ruth passed him on the stairs, mounting to the dressing-room under the pilotage of a maid. The poor lady looked scared and flurried, and Harvey laughed to himself in the imagination of her amazement at the recent disclosure made to her. Aleck was in the hall, hand- some and self-possessed—a smile of heart-satisfaction dispelling every vestige of cynicism from his features.

"All goes well!" was Harvey's salutation, "and I have served a notice upon Chandler, to take the vacant place in the train. You will find him with the rest of the fellows, in the room over there."

"Thank you!" Aleck preceded him to the apartment designated, and presented himself to the anxious "fellows."

"I am sorry that I have been unavoidably detained, gentlemen—less on your account, however, I confess, than because I fear my delay has occasioned discontent to the ladies who are awaiting you. Everything is ready, I believe. Shall we go up and make our peace, as best we may?"

"Is your brother here?" questioned one.

"My brother was called suddenly from home, this forenoon, and has not returned yet. Fortunately, his presence is not indispensable, however much we may desire it."

"Not indispensable!" ejaculated Tom Shore. "What do you mean? Who ever heard of a wedding without a bridegroom? Unless, indeed, you act as his proxy!" he subjoined, with a half laugh.

"I shall be married on my own account—not in the stead of another," replied Aleck, coolly. "This is a matter which was determined upon between Miss Gardner and myself, more than two years ago. Perhaps you would like to test the truth of my assertion by an appeal to the lady herself."

He led the way to the floor above, and the others, including the "dumbfounded" Tom, followed in his wake.

Helen did not lift her eyes at their approach, but the brilliant carmine of her cheek answered the fervent pressure with which Aleck laid her hand within his arm. Never were voluble girls rendered so mute by astonishment as was the knot of pretty attendants. Lily clung to Harvey for support; searched his face for such agony of inquiry, that he could not help whispering an explanatory sentence or two.

"It's all right! They have loved one another for years and years. She was always queer, and so is he. The engagement with Robert was a blind! It's the best joke of the season!"

Honestly he believed but half of this tale; but he was pledged to carry the matter through, and he would do it with a brazen face, if not with a stout heart. Lily utterly discredited this account of the sudden reversal of preconcerted arrangements, but it mattered little to her how it had come about, while the evidence of her own eyesight showed her Helen Gardner as the bride of Aleck, and not Robert Lay. Divers editions of the surprising story were breathed by the other gallants to their respective charges during the downward march of the procession, and it spoke volumes for the self-command or aptitude in deception of the feminine part of the band, that when they were drawn up in bridal array, confronting the crowd of gaping and aghast spectators, none of them betrayed the slightest symptom of curiosity or embarrassment; each was competent to the occasion.

Mrs. Floyd uttered an exclamation of dismay or wonder as the clergyman, in obedience to a word from Aleck, and after a glance at the license presented by Harvey, began the marriage service. He paused longer than was needful or customary after the solemn bidding of the charge; bent a gaze, scrutinizing, and not altogether free from severity upon the youthful couple, while the silence throughout the room became oppressive.

"I require and charge you both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts will be disclosed,) that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it: for he ye well assured that if any persons are joined together otherwise than

in God's word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful."

Aleck met the penetrating eyes confidently—proudly, while Helen stood firm and calm beside him. The ceremony proceeded; the responses were made promptly and easily, and Aleck's voice had never been more clear and steady than in articulating the vow:

"I, Alexander, take thee, Helen, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse; for richer for poorer; in sickness and in health; to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

A wondrous and regulating breath and speech with one simultaneous effort, the assembly surged impetuously towards the newly wedded pair. Inquiries more pointed than polite; harassment of all descriptions, gay, gentle and ill-natured; reproaches that were meant to be playful, and yet had an angry tone mingled with the laugh; every variety of congratulation were heaped upon the perpetrators of the daring deed in a fashion that few would have been able to bear. But they were blent with daintiest spirits and strong nerves, and while Helen was suffered to remain by Aleck's side she did not shrink, and he was doubly courageous.

Poor, poor Miss Ruth! She slipped fast and quietly out of the press after kissing her "children," and leaving one little sob upon Helen's shoulder, and betook herself to the darkest corner of the conservatory, where she had her cry out in a comfortable style. She, alone, beside her nephew and his wife, knew the secret of Robert's dishonorable defection and the consequent discomfiture between the real lovers; and she acquiesced cordially in Aleck's application of the good old-fashioned doctrine that "those who truly love one another ought to marry," and that "the sooner a false step is corrected the better;" yet she had been taken so by surprise; her limited range of ideas and conjectures been so abruptly enlarged; her grief at Robert's inexplicable behavior so sincere; her dread of compromising him, and annoying Aleck and his bride so great, that it was no wonder she was, to use her own language, "fairly upset."

Her privacy was soon invaded. She mopped up the streaming tears at sight of a white dress and the sound of light, hurried footsteps.

"I came to look for you, Aunt Ruth," said Lily Calvert, winding her arms about the old lady's neck, and sinking to her knees beside her. "I have nobody else to whom I can speak—and speak I must or my brain will go wild. You will never repeat what I say, will you?"

"Yes—yes—dear!" murmured Aunt Ruth.

"That is, I would say, 'No,' my love!"

"You know everything, do you not? Robert has often told me that he kept nothing hidden from you. You must know why, and where he is gone?"

"Yes!" assented Miss Ruth, distressfully.

"Don't speak so sadly, please! You wound me to the quick. I had looked for charitable judgment from you. Indeed—indeed he could not help it, Aunt Ruth! You would not have blamed him if you had known all he had to bear—for he saw that Helen did not love him, and—that I did!"

She whispered the last three words and buried her face in the listener's lap.

"Yes!"

Despite the objections Aleck had in his sun's hearing, and the early transports of his indignation launched against Lily's coquetry and treachery, the charitable apostle could not discard all tender thoughts of the child she had loved from the sad hour of her birth. Mrs. Calvert had been the friend of Miss Maudie's girlhood, and for her sake she had first learned to love the daughter.

To her Lily was always winsome and loving, and she believed in her still; sympathized in the emotions whose intensity she perceived without fully understanding. Her motherly hand softly patted the curly head as she thought how young the weeper was—how tender and delicate—how unfit to bear the sorrow that pressed out those great choking sobs.

"All may come right yet, dear, if you love one another."

"If!" Lily reared her head eagerly. "I have seen that he did love me this long while, and others saw it too! But this morning there came this letter—taking one from her bosom—in which he tells me how dear I am, and begs me to meet him this evening—to go with him—to become his wife! And I would have done it—by this time we would have been together, never again to be parted, but for my cruel, cruel uncle! How he guessed my intention I cannot imagine, for only Solomon and Sylvia knew of it, and they would never betray me—but he overtook me on the road and forced me back. I can never forgive him—never!" Her eyes glowed and her fingers clutched the letter tightly. "I am not his slave! I want you to write to Robert, Aunt Ruth. I shall be watched too closely for me to attempt it. Tell him why I failed to join him. I cannot have him think that I was prevented by cowardice or indifference—and say, moreover, that if my life is spared I will yet escape and do as he wishes in defiance of my uncle's threats."

"Yes," said Aunt Ruth, doubtfully; "but, Lily, dear, there is nothing now to keep him away since Aleck and Helen are married. Doesn't it seem to you that it will be more

proper to wait until he comes home, and let things go on naturally and smoothly? Then again I don't know where to direct my letter."

"To Washington! He writes that he will wait there for tidings of me should I fail to meet him. As to propriety, I detect the word!" cried the girl, passionately. "If you are hindered by such scruples, I will steal time to-night to write to him myself. Will you see that my letter is mailed?"

"Yes!" responded Aunt Ruth, yet more slowly and dubiously.

The equilibrium of her ideas was too effectually destroyed by the strange events of the past few hours for her to offer any decided protest against becoming Cupid's postwoman. When she journeyed homeward at midnight, still dazed and wondering, no one part of the performance she had witnessed was more unusual to her than the fact that in her pocket, nestled among the folds of her immaculate handkerchief, rested a billet whose superscription, hastily scrawled in a fine feminine hand, was "Mr. Robert C. Lay, Washington, D. C."

Harvey Floyd proved himself to be the nonpareil of kinsmen and groomsmen on that trying evening. Having, as an indispensable preliminary, enquired his conscience by a potent adjuration in the name of expediency and good nature, he gayly assumed the role of master of ceremonies; circulated freely among the curious and suspicious guests; joking, laughing and lying, as he moved; "pook-pooking" at insinuations of unfair play toward the absent brother; declaring that he had been the confidante of all three of the parties concerned in this "capital case" ever since its inception; had known that Robert was looking after Aleck's interests, while people believed that he was plotting his own case; had often laughed with him at the adroit manner in which the wool was pulled over people's eyes, etc., etc., etc.

"But how did it happen that neither Colonel or Mrs. Floyd was cognizant of the true state of the affair?" questioned the shrewd ones.

"In for a penny, in for a pound!" whispered Harvey to his dragged conscience, as it stirred in its sleep, and he replied accordingly, with a meaning wink—"Colonel never liked Aleck—opposed his marrying his ward. My worthy relative is a trifle 'kinky,' as we all know. Had no objection to Robert. Since he could make no legal opposition to the match, both parties being of age, he vanished so soon as he was informed who the veritable benedict was to be. The thing had gone so far for him to stop it, but he wouldn't look on. D'ye understand?"

And even the shrewd ones were so verdant as to believe that they did understand. Helen was voted "undutiful," "unfeminine," and "fast," by the sober adherents to custom and form; "spunky," "resolute" and "devoted," by the more youthful and romantic portion of the company.

"You are the biggest story teller I ever heard of!" declared Virginia Shore to the laughing bride. "And to think of your carrying it so far as to pretend that you were going to wear those contemptible rosebuds as your only ornaments, when you intended to behave like a Christian woman, and sport the pearls! It must be owned that you look like a queen in them. Doesn't she, Mr. Lay? But for all that if I were your confessor, I would make you walk ten miles with peas in your shoes for such abominable flibbling. And now, I am just aspiring to know one thing. If your tongue can speak the truth, after its long and diligent practice in the other line, I wish you would tell me where Mr. Robert is. It is the one unaccountable circumstance in the unraveled plot—and excuse me, my dear—I must say that it has a queer look!"

Aleck came to Helen's relief so promptly that her hesitation at this very direct question was not noticed.

"Until this morning, Miss Virginia, my brother had never intimated an intention of absconding himself on this interesting occasion. Before breakfast he received a letter calling him from home upon urgent business. The summons was imperative and admitted of not even an hour's delay."

Lily was passing when Virginia's mention of Robert's name struck her ear, and she involuntarily stopped to listen. Aleck gained her eye at the beginning of his reply, and did not release it until he concluded—held it by a gaze of such significant contempt that, as he said to himself, if the girl retained one grain of self-respect or shame, she must quit beneath its questioning. She did indeed change countenance, but it was a look of incredulity or surprise, not conscious and detected guilt. He let her alone after that. She had no ground to lose in his estimation, and whatever might be his opinion of her course and motives, he, of all the world, had least cause to murmur at the result of these.

Mrs. Floyd—as she was accustomed to aver in after days—would never have lived through that evening but for the support of Harvey's unblushing mendacity and Aleck Lay's ready tact. Nor was Helen back ward in assisting her aunt in her difficult position. Laying aside her stiff stateliness, enjoined by etiquette upon the bride, she deputed herself as the daughter of the house, who was mindful of her guests' comfort and pleasure, and in considering these lost sight of the novelty of her own position. She did not dance, but she was careful that no lady who wished to do so should lack a

partner; she chatted easily and freely with the guests; replied courteously to the hallooings of the elderly gentlemen, who were not sparing in their comments upon the extraordinary character of her nuptial ceremonies; privately directed waiters, and as privately suggested forgotten duties to the mistress of the establishment. She was inconceivably more valuable to her perplexed and worried aunt than was Lily, who spoke and acted all the while like one in a trance. Never did Helen, especially one by nature and practice, so hospitable as was the lady of Bellevue, host the departure of visitors so joyfully as did she the first stir of leave-taking among those whose coming she had greeted with unfeigned cordiality. The Colonel had not yet returned, when, at three o'clock in the morning, she threw her worried looks and aching head upon her couch, too tired and full of pain to speculate on her lonely pillow as to the cause of his prolonged absence. She slept soon and soundly, so profoundly, that she did not know when the chamber came in, and was awakened at last by the bright light of morning.

"Hem my life! It is eight o'clock!" she exclaimed, springing up, "and I never even heard Amy make the fire! When did you come in, and why didn't you wake me, Colonel?"

Her husband was at the toilette table shaving himself. Apparently, his hand was not very steady, for the latter he had scraped from his chin was streaked with blood, and the razor inflicted a deep gash on his wrist. She had scarcely expected any answer other than the one which came—a bitter oath—and, to tell the truth, she was much more concerned about the wedding breakfast and the probable condition of the rooms used by the company the previous evening than affected by his humor.

He surprised her by a query before her hurried dressing was completed.

"How did your dear five hundred friends take the news that there could be no wedding, for want of a bridegroom?" he growled between his teeth.

"Sure enough! How forgetful I am! You were not here when it all came out!" Mrs. Floyd checked herself in the act of lowering her dress over her head. "I don't know how to tell you, or where to begin. It was all so unexpected, even to me! How she contrived to keep it a secret up to the last minute I cannot divine; but she did, and fooled us all completely. And to think that Aleck Lay could play the hypocrite as well as she did—and Robert too! I wouldn't have believed it of him! I always thought that he had such an open heart and honest tongue. I declare it beats everything I ever heard of or dreamed of!"

She was interrupted by a profane ejaculation, and an order "to say what she had to say, and to stop that infernal gabble!"

"Why, my love, I was just going to tell you! Did you ever suspect that she was not in love with him? That she was throwing dust in our eyes all this time, even when she was making up her wedding clothes and accepting her wedding presents? When Mr. Bradley commenced the ceremony I really thought that I should faint outright. And nobody knew it except Harvey, and I must say that he behaved very unhand-somely in not giving me a hint. Mercy on us, Colonel! what's the matter?"

He had turned about, his back to the table, leaning heavily against it; the razor in his hand; his complexion nearly as colorless as the foam yet left upon his cheeks.

"Ceremony! what ceremony?" he said, in a guttural whisper.

"Why the marriage service, to be sure, over Aleck Lay and Helen Gardner. They were married about nine o'clock, and—oh!"

She rushed forward with a scream, in season to prevent his falling to the floor, seating him instead in an easy chair that was luckily close at hand, and supported the heavy head, away helplessly to and fro. Her frightened cry speedily brought help. A gang of bustling, terrified servants collected around him; stripped off his outer clothing, loosened his collar and cravat, and bore him to the bed. By the time they reached this stage of proceedings, he had revived so far as to speak, but so inarticulate was his primary attempt, that his wife begged him to repeat it. He did, with an angry effort.

"Booker!"

"Hun for Booker—some of you!" ordered Mrs. Floyd. "Do you want him to go for the doctor, dear?" she inquired tenderly.

He breathed hard and loudly; his forehead was dark still with the dangerous flood that had rushed up to the brain, yet he scowled at her; lifted his hand menacingly towards the flock of negroes.

"Out! every one of them!" he managed to say, more distinctly now.

The violence of the attack was passing. Booker did not obey the summons with especial alacrity. He was asleep when it was brought to his house, and awoke unwillingly; arose, sulken. Mrs. Floyd was banished, as her menials had been, at the entrance of this high and sulky functionary. For half an hour, she was kept waiting without the chamber, while a low conference went on inside. Her lord was manifestly better when the junior permitted her return to the bedside—better in body—but in temper, as ill conditioned as mortal could well be. After an infinite amount of argument and persuasion, she prevailed upon him to admit the physician, for whom a messenger had been dispatched, two hours

before; and thus she was not forbidden the privilege, she retained in 1855—during his stay.

Colonel Floyd had ridden twenty miles the night before, he stated to the medical man—"upon a false rumor"—he interpreted, severely—had eaten nothing, and slept none. The consequence was a rush of blood to the head—a trifle not worth mentioning, but women were such fools!"

Convinced, upon examination, that the ailment was really not severe, and his patient in no peril of his life, the doctor recommended a little cooling medicine and a day's quiet; buttoned up his coat, picked up his saddle-bags, and prepared to go. At the door he turned back, and said, "We shall hear more by night!"

She accompanied him down stairs; secured an additional direction as to how, and brought her husband's presence. He had, indeed, his patient, and changed another pillow under his head; raised himself high enough to enable him to look out of the window across the lawn.

"Didn't the doctor say there would be more to-day?" he asked, in ill dissimulated eagerness.

"Yes, it is depending up fast. We shall have falling weather, by noon, I think. Aleck and Helen are about going, my dear. Do you feel able to say 'good-bye' to them?"

"If I did, they should not cross that threshold!" he said, vehemently. "Tell them I say, 'because' and send my cure after them."

Mrs. Floyd wisely and politely concluded to modify this amiable message in the delivery; so, the bridal pair were only told how sorry she was that the Colonel was so seriously indisposed to see them, and that the doctor had enjoined absolute quiet.

The dinner-party at Greenfield was so pressed, as had been contemplated, before the late momentous changes. This was decided upon, partly to gratify Miss Beth, partly to appease the suspicions of those who obstinately cherished the idea that there was something wrong behind the scenes; the incorrigible skeptics, whom even Harvey Floyd could not lie to belief of the story he promulgated so industriously.

The fields were like unwritten white paper; the roads were growing heavy with drift, and it was still snowing hard, when, at dusk, a carriage drove up to the ancient mansion of Maple Hill, and Aleck assisted his wife to alight. Neither of them would remain under Robert's roof longer than was necessary for appearance's sake. Both longed for quiet and home. Busy hands had been at work within doors all day. The windows were ruddy with fire-light, and the young husband led his bride from the hall, chill outer air into a large, old-fashioned room, well lighted and warm, where were ranged a score of family servants, dressed in holiday attire, and profuse of smiles and courtesies to their new mistress.

"The blessing of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob be upon 'em!" groaned a pompous voice from the head of the line.

Helen tried to say "Thank you!" but the effort expired in stifled mirth.

"The egregious blockhead!" said Aleck, fretted and yet amused, as having spoken a kind word of acknowledgment to his dependants, he conducted Helen into the parlor; seated her in a great chair, and undid her bonnet and cloak. "The preposterous humbug! A padlock for his mouth, to be worn constantly, except at meal times, would be an admirable regimen for him."

"Petronious—was it not?" asked Helen, still laughing.

"Of course it was! By the way, I must have a talk with him to-morrow. It was he who brought that letter to Greenfield yesterday afternoon. I omitted in my excitement then to ask him at what point of the road he met Robert. I would like to inquire into the particulars of their interview. Why are you shivering, love? Are you cold?"

"No! only a passing chill. I have a strange aversion to speaking of yesterday, or of anything connected with—with—what might have happened."

She was very pale, and trembled visibly. Aleck leaned over to kiss her—put his arm about her.

"Why, you dear little goose! the danger is all over now—your fate is sealed! You are a captive, and your jailer is a perpetual institution."

She smiled mutely; then her head drooped upon his shoulder, and there was silence for a while.

"Speaking of Petronious reminds me of the evening service we attended at Mr. Shore's, some weeks ago," resumed Aleck cheerfully, to dispel any remnant of unpleasant feeling that might be lingering in her mind. Do you recollect the bit of paper whose has chagrined Lily so much?"

"Yes. I knew that you had it then, although I dared not thank you for the theft." He took out his pocket book. "See here!" opening an inner compartment.

"Why did you keep it?" asked Helen, catching at the smile and creased leaf.

"Because I read there, in your handwriting, that it was 'dangerous to play with edge tools,' responded Aleck, 'and my own disappointed heart responded to the truth of the maxim. I preserved it as a monitor for future direction. The consequence was that I had made up my mind to live and die a 'crusty, fusty old bachelor!'"

With a gesture of playful petulance, that







NEWS FROM THE

**BANDIED CORPSES.**—The Fall River News states that the Federal Company found in fifteen barrels of cotton, and other refuse material, packed among the cotton. Three hundred pounds of seed cotton seed were found in one bale.

**A SIGN OF THE TIMES.**—The Georgia Southern Union has come out in favor of a reconstruction of the old Union. The Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy thus gives the proposal of the Georgia Southern Union:— "We advise the editor (Mr. Murray) to go to New England, believing him to be sufficiently patriotic to the country in which he lives, and that Massachusetts is the only suitable place for him. He is unworthy of a residence in the Confederacy. The sooner he goes the better for him. Better leave at once and be content before invited to go."

The main army of the Confederacy has not moved from its quarters at Meridenboro. The recent skirmishes were only fought by detached portions on scouting and reconnoitering duty.

The recent Union cavalry raid on the Rappahannock ford is mentioned in the Rappahannock papers, but they do not give the result of the fight. They construe it into an advance toward Gordonsville.

The descriptions to the five-twenty loan for the last six days, at the different agencies, foot up two millions.

The order from the War Department requiring all persons liable to military service who wished to go abroad to give bonds has been revoked, except in those states which have not given their full complement of nine months. Citizens of Pennsylvania, therefore, will not be subjected to give bonds, but will be liable to cross from Vicksburg about a week since to cut the levee at the mouth of the canal, but they were all captured and sent up the river.

The Mississippi is rising slowly. The officers of the Indiana are in Vicksburg. A few shells were thrown into the city by the gunboat Lafayette, but no reply was made.

SECRETARY CHASE is reported to be about making arrangements with capitalists for a new loan.

REAR-ADMIRAL Gen. Alfred W. Elliot has organized a marine brigade for service in the western rivers. At present it consists of one regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry and a battery of light artillery. The quarters are on board of fast steamers, by which the men are transported from place to place as they are needed. The boats are defended against rifle shot and grape by heavy oak timbers, and that part around the boilers and machinery is iron plated.

U. S. TREASURY notes are said to sell at 93 1/2 in the market.

The health of the army at Vicksburg is said to be improving. It is believed that the Lake Providence canal scheme would be entirely successful. A large number of transports and gunboats have gone up Yazoo Pass, the capture of Vicksburg depending upon the movement.

TREASURY REGULATIONS FOR TEMPORARY DEPOSITS, &c.—It is officially announced at the Treasury Department that henceforward no temporary deposits of gold will be received, the receipts from customs being amply sufficient for present needs; that five instead of four per cent. will be paid on temporary deposits of Treasury notes, and that fifty per cent. will be paid on warrants in lawful money and fifty per cent. in certificates of indebtedness, instead of twenty-five per cent. only in money.

DUMMY ENGINEERS.—The Committee on Railroads in the Senate of New York, have reported a bill to legalize the use of dummy engines on any railroad in the State, operated with steam or horse power. The bill applies to any roads now built or hereafter to be built, or whether located within or outside of the limits of any city or town.

THE NEW YORK COURT OF APPEALS has decided against the right of railroad companies to take streets or highways for laying tracks without compensating the owners of adjacent property. Five of the Judges concurred in the decision, one gave no opinion, and two dissented.

EXTORTION.—Praying is a queer thing sometimes. It allows the supplicant every wide license of speech, which occasionally produces whimsical consequences. For example, the Rev. Mr. Shine, Chaplain of the House of Representatives in the Iowa Legislature, on the opening of a session, prayed thus: "Bless, O Lord, the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, the Governor and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water, and undisturbed religion for Christ's sake. Amen."

"A Glasgow Post at Alabama."—There is a beautiful thought in the address of the ladies of England, in reply to Mrs. Stowe. "You have sent us the Griefword for the Alabama." Not "a Roland for an Oliver," not "a bit for tat," but good for evil. Let it pass into a saying in our mother tongue, "a Griefword for an Alabama," when good is returned for evil.

GREAT RISK OF GOLD IN RICHMOND.—Gold has gone up to four hundred per cent. in Richmond, and what is deemed good authority reports that private transactions to a considerable amount at as high as six hundred per cent.

THE ENGLISH IRON-CLAD FLEET.—Four of those vessels have returned from their experimental voyage to Portugal, and the naval reporter of the London Times says that the plates are loose, and that the vessels are not in a condition to go out to sea now. The impression of the writer seems to be that the fastening of iron plates to the wooden hull will not answer the purpose desired. It appears as though our little fleet of monitors were the most formidable iron-clad fleet afloat.

REBEL NEWSPAPERS received at Cincinnati contain detailed accounts of a raid in Northern Alabama by a brigade of Union troops under Colonel Corwin. The expedition was accompanied by five gunboats, and reached Tusculum on February 23d, at which place two ferry boats were destroyed. Another advance guard party in flight part of the rebel cavalry at Tusculum, and took possession of the town. An assessment was levied on the wealthy rebels. On the 25th Colonel Corwin and his command proceeded into the interior, taking considerable plunder with him.

A LETTER from Hilton Head, dated the 16th inst., says that the latest intelligence from the Black Brigade, which is now marching into Florida, is that it has taken many important posts, and captured many prisoners, with great quantities of ammunition and supplies. They are still driving the rebels before them.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK ARMY.

The Richmond Examiner, of the 19th, has an extraordinary leader, the title of which is evidently intended to prepare the public mind of the South for serious reverses to the Confederacy on the line of the Rappahannock. It commences with the following significant language:—"Active operations of the chief Federal army, under Hooker, are now commenced, and either a decisive battle, or the retreat of the army commanded by Lee, must be the speedy consequence. The latter contingency is possible, but not at all probable; and another heavy struggle over the line of the Rappahannock, may be safely anticipated."

After speculating upon the supposed plan of General Hooker, and the strength and probabilities of the success of Lee's forces, the editor remarks:—"If, however, the Confederate General's force is not sufficiently numerous to prevent the completion of the maneuver, it is supposed that no course remains but to fall back upon some point nearer Richmond, and give the enemy battle at a greater distance from his base."

On the 20th there was a heavy fall of snow on the Rappahannock.

**THE REBEL CONSCRIPTION LAW.**—The Southern law is nothing but relentless conscription, and in its most aggressive and despotic form. It includes all white male persons between the ages of 18 and 35, who are required to enroll themselves under penalty of being treated as deserters. The enrollment act of Congress includes only male persons between 20 and 45, and exempts persons physically and mentally unfit, the only sons of dependent widows, and the only sons of aged or infirm parents depending for support upon their children. The parents may select out of several drafted sons which shall be exempt. The father or motherless children, the only brother of orphan children under twelve years of age are exempt, and two sons out of any family having a father and son already in the army. The rebels exempt no white man from military duty except such as have twenty slaves. Their conscription law exempts all the slaves owned by the planter. It continues in service for three years longer all who had been previously enlisted or volunteered and whose term of service would have expired within the year. It allows no bounty and has no fixed price for substitutes, so that instead of \$300, as our law fixes, a substitute costs anything the necessities of the person drafted may oblige him to offer, even as high as \$1,500 the advertisements in the southern papers show has been paid. If any Governor does not enroll the militia, Confederate officers are empowered to make the enrollment under such regulations as the President may prescribe.

**THE REPORTED CAPTURE OF MEXICO.**—A report through rebel newspapers, states that the French have captured the city of Mexico. According to the last authentic reports, the French were about to move on Puebla, on the 23d of February, yet the report of the capture of the City of Mexico is mentioned in the Galveston papers of the 2d inst., allowing only one week for the French to march from Orizaba to Puebla, 60 miles, and thence to the City of Mexico, which is about 60 miles further, and the news to return to Galveston by the 2d inst. This would be uncommonly quick work, even if the way was entirely open to the French; but, as Puebla was defended by 24,000 Mexicans, and the City of Mexico was capable of another stout defense, it is not very likely that they have passed over this intervening 120 miles and reduced the country within the space of three or four days, as the source and date of the intelligence would require. The news requires confirmation before it can be credited.

**A FOREIGN LOAN OFFERED TO MR. CHASE.**—It is said that Mr. Chase has received an offer of a loan from abroad, which it is probable he will accept. It is not the offer alluded to in the journals a week ago. That came from England and France, and was not upon the most favorable terms. This offer, which was made recently, upon the most favorable terms, by a distinguished German banking house, is under advisement. The offer is to take one hundred millions of dollars' worth of bonds, at something above par in currency. If accepted, it will of course give the Secretary the control of the exchange market for some time to come. It is evident that, whatever misfortune may happen to the cause of the Government this spring, the Secretary will be abundantly supplied with money with which to prosecute the war. There is no longer any doubt upon the subject, and the anxiety of the Government is not for money, but for military success.

**SINGULAR DIFFICULTY.**—The Jersey City Standard has an account of a singular difficulty which has occurred at the chemical works in that city. It appears that the greater portion of the workmen employed are foreigners, either naturalized or otherwise, and that the former made up their minds that the latter, who have enjoyed the blessings and protection of our government for many years, should not screen themselves behind the non-citizen ship to avoid the prospective draft. Therefore, it was insisted that they should take out papers of naturalization; and it being declined, it was determined by the others to drive them from the works. This was immediately put into summary execution, though no violence was used. A similar course, it is said, has been pursued at the Zinc Works.

**STRANGE THING OF INDIANS.**—The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah, writes to the Indian Bureau, under date of February 16th, that a delegation of Moquis Indians has just visited him. They are from New Mexico, where they live in stone houses, and are devoted to agricultural pursuits. They are called White or Welsh Indians, and appear by their figure and face to have been of white extraction. They have seven towns or villages, and have never been visited by whites except Mormons or Mexicans. The Navahos frequently attack them and drive off their flocks and herds.

**THE LATE MR. SANDS** was a wealthy dandy for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred pounds to heal his bleeding heart. "Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed he, "for ruined hopes, disappointed love, and a blasted life! Two hundred pounds for all this! No—never. Make it guineas, and it's a bargain!"

WAR'S QUIET AND TENSE MOMENTS.

A chaplain in the army in acknowledging gifts from home for his regiment, thus writes:—

It is a very pleasant thought to the soldier that friends at home still hold him in remembrance; and could those friends see the arduous with which he toils on battle and campaign, by mail or express they would feel amply repaid for all labor of writing or sending.

I suppose that I, more than any other man in the regiment, am permitted to see the secret chain that unites the hearts of soldiers with loving hearts at home. Every now and then one shows me a miniature, or talks me of a dear child that sends a message of love to papa, or brings me a letter from a loving mother, full of earnest counsel and tender sympathy. Ah! war is not all pomp and glitter, with gleaming of banners and rolling of drums.

Now is it all, either, the deadly conflict, with its gaping wounds and stiffening limbs of dead men slain. It has its quiet and tender side as well; and sometimes the most reckless and hardened soldier, whose every sentiment is blotted by an oath, will open the little secret cabinet in his heart where he keeps in concealment a little treasure of love, and let me look upon the gem in all its beauty.

It is the duty, and should be the pleasure of those at home to do all they can to encourage any feeling that will keep gentle and pure their dear ones who are in the army. One great means of doing this is found in just such evidences of interest as this box gave.

**ANECDOTE OF A BEAR.**

The following anecdote goes far to prove that a bear has only room for one idea at a time in his head. A party of overland emigrants on their way across the plains from St. Louis, Missouri, to El Paso, and thence to California, had arrived somewhere on the Green River. From this train a hunter had strayed off in search of game, and came upon a bear in a creek bottom, who was up a persimmon-tree loaded with ripe fruit, which he was busily eating, whilst a wild-boar beneath was revelling in the over-ripe berries which fell in showers from the bear's clumsy operations in the tree. It was evident from the glances he threw below from time to time that he was jealous of the hog, and by no means relished playing provider even involuntarily for the other; and he often expressed his disapprobation by short and savage growls, which the boar only answered by an occasional satisfied grunt. The hunter noted all these signs, and saw that very little more was necessary to make Office's wrath boil over, which he would be certain to vent upon the pig; he therefore drew the buck-shot from one barrel of his gun, and substituted for it a load of dust-shot, with which, from his ambush, he stung the bear pretty severely. Down came the bear instantly to chastise the boar for adding this injury to insult, fully convinced that the smart he suffered was caused by the pig. The battle was a sharp one, though not of long duration, and bruiser speedily killed his antagonist, but not before the hog had inflicted a mortal wound, by gashing open with his sharp tusks, the belly of his opponent, who speedily bled to death.

"Thus," said the hunter, with pardonable vanity, "I killed a bear and a wild-boar with a charge of No. 7 shot, which I believe nobody else has ever done."

**GOOD NEWS FOR MAINE.**—Dr. R. P. Stevens, in a paper read before the Geographical Society in New York, predicts that new land will arise out of the sea, which will result in such a change of climate that Maine and Canada will be as warm as Southern France, while Labrador itself will become fertile. We suppose the doctor wouldn't fix the precise date of this happy change.

**An exchange** tells the following simple story of a little child kneeling by his bed to pray, as he retired for the night. He said:—"Dear Heavenly Father, please don't let the large cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and don't let me run away outside the gate when mother tells me not to."

**One of the "personal"** correspondents at Washington describes Mrs. Swinehelm as "fearfully clever. You look at her, listen to her, and feel sure that she could take a ship across the ocean; that she could command a brigade, govern a state, and have superfluous power left for infinite infinitesimal purposes."

**A Western paper** strikes the name of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

**Governor Andy Johnson**, of Tennessee, said in a recent speech, "as for cotton the world existed nearly six thousand years without its being an article of prime necessity, and if a little more wool, flax and hemp is grown, the world will scarcely feel its loss."

**Mrs. Gen. Tom Thum** is a little patriot. She has a brother in the Union service, and at the White House, said, if necessary, she was willing for her husband to volunteer!

**Let every well read man** remember that the "tree of knowledge" was not the "tree of life."

**NOTHING MORE INTERESTING** than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more insupportable; nothing which more easily might be prevented, if people would only set earnestly about it. Life is really too short for us to be able to waste half of it in waiting.—Miss Bremer.

**A negro girl** entered a variety store and asked for "some sabbath saps, sabbath-day coolers." She wanted a hat!

**An old New Jersey farmer** is very desirous to come upon the earth 25 years hence, "just to take a good look at the size of a New Jersey bushel basket, particularly in 'that time!'"

**The trial at Philadelphia** is now running at an average of \$2,500 a day in trial.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

**WHEAT AND RYE.**—The market has been very quiet since the close of last week. The price of wheat is 80¢ for common and 82¢ for extra, and 84¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family. The price of rye is 60¢ for common and 62¢ for extra, and 64¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family. The price of corn is 30¢ for common and 32¢ for extra, and 34¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family.

**GRAIN.**—The demand for wheat, both for shipment and milling, has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and 10¢ to 15¢ lower, with sales of 100,000 bushels for shipment to 10¢, and 15¢ for milling. The price of rye is 60¢ for common and 62¢ for extra, and 64¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family. The price of corn is 30¢ for common and 32¢ for extra, and 34¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family.

**COTTON.**—The market for this staple is unsettled and drooping, and prices at the close are 10¢ to 15¢ lower, with sales of 100,000 bales for shipment to 10¢, and 15¢ for milling. The price of rye is 60¢ for common and 62¢ for extra, and 64¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family. The price of corn is 30¢ for common and 32¢ for extra, and 34¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family.

**ASHES.**—The market for this staple is unsettled and drooping, and prices at the close are 10¢ to 15¢ lower, with sales of 100,000 bales for shipment to 10¢, and 15¢ for milling. The price of rye is 60¢ for common and 62¢ for extra, and 64¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family. The price of corn is 30¢ for common and 32¢ for extra, and 34¢ for low grade Western and Ohio family.

**FRUIT.**—The sales are moderate at 80¢ to 100¢ for Green Apples, 40¢ to 60¢ for Dried Apples, and 60¢ to 80¢ for unpared Peaches, the latter for prime halves, pared Peaches are scarce and high.

**RAIL.**—The market is steady at 27¢ to 30¢ for Eastern and Western.

**IRON.**—The market for pig metal is firm. Sales of small lots of Anthracite at 80¢ to 85¢ for No. 1, 85¢ to 90¢ for No. 2, and 90¢ to 95¢ for No. 3, and 100¢ to 110¢ for No. 4, and 120¢ to 130¢ for No. 5, and 140¢ to 150¢ for No. 6, and 160¢ to 170¢ for No. 7, and 180¢ to 190¢ for No. 8, and 200¢ to 210¢ for No. 9, and 220¢ to 230¢ for No. 10, and 240¢ to 250¢ for No. 11, and 260¢ to 270¢ for No. 12, and 280¢ to 290¢ for No. 13, and 300¢ to 310¢ for No. 14, and 320¢ to 330¢ for No. 15, and 340¢ to 350¢ for No. 16, and 360¢ to 370¢ for No. 17, and 380¢ to 390¢ for No. 18, and 400¢ to 410¢ for No. 19, and 420¢ to 430¢ for No. 20, and 440¢ to 450¢ for No. 21, and 460¢ to 470¢ for No. 22, and 480¢ to 490¢ for No. 23, and 500¢ to 510¢ for No. 24, and 520¢ to 530¢ for No. 25, and 540¢ to 550¢ for No. 26, and 560¢ to 570¢ for No. 27, and 580¢ to 590¢ for No. 28, and 600¢ to 610¢ for No. 29, and 620¢ to 630¢ for No. 30, and 640¢ to 650¢ for No. 31, and 660¢ to 670¢ for No. 32, and 680¢ to 690¢ for No. 33, and 700¢ to 710¢ for No. 34, and 720¢ to 730¢ for No. 35, and 740¢ to 750¢ for No. 36, and 760¢ to 770¢ for No. 37, and 780¢ to 790¢ for No. 38, and 800¢ to 810¢ for No. 39, and 820¢ to 830¢ for No. 40, and 840¢ to 850¢ for No. 41, and 860¢ to 870¢ for No. 42, and 880¢ to 890¢ for No. 43, and 900¢ to 910¢ for No. 44, and 920¢ to 930¢ for No. 45, and 940¢ to 950¢ for No. 46, and 960¢ to 970¢ for No. 47, and 980¢ to 990¢ for No. 48, and 1000¢ to 1010¢ for No. 49, and 1020¢ to 1030¢ for No. 50, and 1040¢ to 1050¢ for No. 51, and 1060¢ to 1070¢ for No. 52, and 1080¢ to 1090¢ for No. 53, and 1100¢ to 1110¢ for No. 54, and 1120¢ to 1130¢ for No. 55, and 1140¢ to 1150¢ for No. 56, and 1160¢ to 1170¢ for No. 57, and 1180¢ to 1190¢ for No. 58, and 1200¢ to 1210¢ for No. 59, and 1220¢ to 1230¢ for No. 60, and 1240¢ to 1250¢ for No. 61, and 1260¢ to 1270¢ for No. 62, and 1280¢ to 1290¢ for No. 63, and 1300¢ to 1310¢ for No. 64, and 1320¢ to 1330¢ for No. 65, and 1340¢ to 1350¢ for No. 66, and 1360¢ to 1370¢ for No. 67, and 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## NEWS FROM THE

**THE FALL RIVER NEWS.**—The Fall River News states that the Company found in fifteen bales of cotton not less than 2,700 pounds of sand, mud, dirt, and other refuse packed among the cotton. Three hundred pounds of sand cotton seed were found in one bale.

**A SON OF THE TIMES.**—The Georgia Southern Union has come out in favor of a reconstruction of the old Union. The Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy thus greets the proposal of the Georgia Southern Union. We advise the editor (Mr. Murray) to go to New England, believing him to be unfriendly to the country in which he lives, and that Massachusetts is the only suitable place for him. He is unworthy of a residence in the Confederacy. The sooner he goes the better for him. Better leave at once and be consistent before invited to go.

The main army of the Confederacy has not moved from its quarters at Marietta. The recent skirmishes were only fought by detached portions on scouting and reconnoitering duty.

The recent Union cavalry raid on the Rappahannock ford is mentioned in the recent papers, but they do not give the result of the fight. They construe it into an advance upon Gordonsville.

The subscriptions to the five-twenty loan for the last six days, at the different agencies, foot up two millions.

The order from the War Department requiring all persons liable to military service who wished to go abroad to give bonds has been revoked, except in those states which have not given their full complement of nine months men.

Citizens of Pennsylvania, therefore, will not be subjected to give bonds. A party of rebels crossed from Vicksburg about a week since to cut the levee at the mouth of the canal, but they were all captured and sent up the river.

The Mississippi is rising slowly. The officers of the Louisiana are in Vicksburg. A few shells were thrown into the city by the gunboat Lafayette, but no reply was made.

SECRETARY CHASE is reported to be about making arrangements with capitalists for a new loan.

BRIGADIER GEN. Alfred W. Elliot has organized a marine brigade for service in the western river. At present it consists of one regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry and a battery of light artillery. The quarters are on board of fast steamers, by which the men are transported from place to place as they are needed. The boats are defended against rifle shot and grape by heavy oak timbers, and that part around the boilers and machinery is iron plated.

These steamers are said to sell at \$3,000 the dollar in R-bonds.

The health of the army at Vicksburg is said to be improving. It is believed that the Lake Providence canal scheme would be entirely successful. A large number of transports and gunboats have gone up Yazoo Pass, the capture of Vicksburg depending upon the movement.

**TREASURY REGULATIONS FOR TEMPORARY DEPOSITS.**—It is officially announced at the Treasury Department that henceforward no temporary deposits of gold will be received, the receipts from customs being amply sufficient for present needs; that five instead of four per cent. will be paid on temporary deposits of Treasury notes, and that fifty per cent. will be paid on warrants in lawful money and fifty per cent. in certificates of indebtedness, instead of twenty-five per cent. only in money.

**DUMMIES ENJOINED.**—The Committee on Railroads in the Senate of New York, have reported a bill to legalize the use of dummy engines on any railroad in the State, operated with steam or horse power. The bill applies to any roads now built or hereafter to be built, or whether located within or outside of the limits of any city or town.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided against the right of railroad companies to take streets or highways for laying tracks without compensating the owners of adjacent property. Five of the Judges concurred in the decision, one gave no opinion, and two dissented.

**EXTENSIVE PRAYING.** is a queer thing sometimes. It allows the supplicant very wide license of speech, which occasionally produces whimsical consequences. For example, the Rev. Mr. Shine, Chaplain of the House of Representatives in the Iowa Legislature, on the opening of a session, prayed thus: "Bless Thou, the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, the Governor and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water, and undisturbed religion for Christ's sake. Amen!"

**"A GRIEWOLD FOR AN ALABAMA."**—There is a beautiful thought in the address of the ladies of England, in reply to Mrs. Stowe. "You have sent us the Griewold for the Alabama." Not "a Roland for an Oliver," not "it is for tat, but good for evil." Let it pass into a saying in our mother tongue, "a Griewold for an Alabama," when good is returned for evil.

**GREAT RISE OF GOLD IN RICHMOND.**—Gold has gone up to four hundred per cent. in Richmond, and what is deemed good authority reports private transactions to a considerable amount at as high as six hundred per cent.

**THE ENGLISH IRON-CLAD FROGHOES.**—Four of these vessels have returned from their experimental voyage to Portugal, and the naval reporter of the London Times says that the plates are loose, and that the vessels are not in a condition to go out to sea now. The impression of the writer seems to be that the fastening of iron plates to the wooden hull will not answer the purpose desired. It appears as though our little fleet of monitors were the most formidable iron-clad fleet afloat.

REBEL newspapers received at Cincinnati contain detailed accounts of a raid in Northern Alabama by a brigade of Union troops under Colonel Corwin. The expedition was accompanied by five gunboats, and reached Tusculum on February 22d, at which place two ferry boats were destroyed. Another was destroyed at the crossing of the Union advance guard to fight part of the rebel cavalry at Tusculum, and took possession of the town. An agreement was made with the wealthy rebels. On the 25th Colonel Corwin and his command proceeded into the interior, taking considerable plunder with him.

A letter from Hilton Head, dated the 16th inst., says that the latest intelligence from the Black Brigade, which is now marching into Florida, is that it has taken many important posts, captured many prisoners, with large quantities of ammunition and supplies. They are still driving the rebels before them.

## THE RAPPANNOCK ARMY.

The Richmond Examiner, of the 19th, has an extraordinary leader, the tone of which is evidently intended to prepare the public mind of the South for serious reverses to the Confederate arm on the line of the Rappahannock. It commences with the following significant language:—"Active operations of the chief Federal army, under Hooker, are now commenced, and either a decisive battle, or the retreat of the army commanded by Lee, must be the speedy consequence. The latter contingency is possible, but not at all probable; and another heavy struggle over the line of the Rappahannock, may be safely anticipated."

After speculating upon the supposed plan of General Hooker, and the strength and probability of the success of Lee's forces, the editor remarks:—"If, however, the Confederate General's force is not sufficiently numerous to prevent the completion of the manœuvre, it is supposed that no course remains but to fall back upon some point nearer Richmond, and give the enemy a battle at greater distance from his base."

On the 20th there was a heavy fall of snow on the Rappahannock.

**THE REBEL CONSCRIPTION.**—The Southern law is nothing but relentless conscription, and in its most aggressive and despotic form. It includes all white male persons between the ages of 18 and 35, who are required to enroll themselves under penalty of being treated as deserters. The enrollment act of our Congress includes only male persons between 20 and 45, and exempts persons physically and mentally unfit, the only sons of dependent widows, and the young sons of aged or infirm parents depending for support upon their children. The parents may select out of several drafted sons which shall be exempt. The father or motherless children, the only brother of orphan children under twelve years of age are exempt, and two sons out of any family having a father and son already in the army. The rebels exempt no white man from military duty except such as have twenty slaves. Their conscription law exempts all the slaves owned by the planters. It continues in service for three years longer all who had been previously enlisted or volunteered and whose term of service would have expired within the year. It allows no bounty and has no fixed price for substitutes, so that instead of \$300, as our law fixes, a substitute costs anything the necessities of the person drafted may oblige him to offer, even as high as \$1,000 the advertisements in the Southern papers show has been paid. If any Governor does not enroll the militia, Confederate officers are empowered to make the enrollment under such regulations as the President may prescribe.

**THE REPORTED CAPTURE OF MEXICO.**—A report through rebel newspapers, states that the French have captured the city of Mexico. According to the last authentic reports, the French were about to move on Puebla, on the 23d of February, yet the report of the capture of the City of Mexico is mentioned in the Galveston papers of the 2d inst., allowing only one week for the French to march from Orizaba to Puebla, 60 miles, and thence to the City of Mexico, which is about 60 miles further, and the news to return to Galveston by the 3d inst. This would be uncommonly quick work, even if the way was entirely open to the French; but, as Puebla was defended by 24,000 Mexicans, and the City of Mexico was capable of another stout defence, it is not very likely that they have passed over this intervening 120 miles and reduced the country within the space of three or four days, as the source and date of the intelligence would require. The news requires confirmation before it can be credited.

**A FOREIGN LOAN OFFERED TO MR. CHASE.**—It is said that Mr. Chase has received an offer of a loan from abroad, which it is probable he will accept. It is not the offer alluded to in the journals a week ago. That came from England and France, and was not upon the most favorable terms. This offer, which was made recently, upon the most favorable terms, by a distinguished German banking house, is under advisement. The offer is to take one hundred millions of dollars' worth of bonds, at something above par in currency. If accepted, it will of course give the Secretary the control of the exchange market for some time to come. It is evident that, whatever misfortunes may happen to the cause of the Government this spring, the Secretary will be abundantly supplied with money with which to prosecute the war. There is no longer any doubt upon the subject, and the anxiety of the Government is not for money, but for military successes.

**SINGULAR DIFFICULTY.**—The Jersey City Standard has an account of a singular difficulty which has occurred at the chemical works in that city. It appears that the greater portion of the workmen employed are foreigners, either naturalized or otherwise, and that the former made up their minds to leave the latter, who have enjoyed the blessings and protection of our government for many years, should not screen themselves behind their non-citizenship to avoid the prospective draft. Therefore, it was insisted that they should take out papers of naturalization; and it being declined, it was determined by the others to drive them from the works. This was immediately put into summary execution, though no violence was used. A similar course, it is said, has been pursued at the Zinc Works.

**STRANGE TRIBE OF INDIANS.**—The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah, writes to the Indian Bureau, under date of February 16th, that a delegation of Moquis Indians has just visited him. They are from New Mexico, where they live in stone houses, and are devoted to agricultural pursuits. They are called White or Welsh Indians, and appear by their figure and face to have been of white extraction. They have seven towns or villages, and have never been visited by whites except Mormons of Mexican. The Navahos frequently attack them and drive off their flocks and herds.

The late Mr. Sands sued a wealthy damsel for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred pounds to heal his bleeding heart. "Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed he, "for ruined hopes, disappointed love, and a blasted life! Two hundred pounds for all this! No—never. Make it guinea, and it's a bargain!"

## WAR'S QUIET AND TENSE SIDE.

A chaplain in the army in acknowledging gifts from home for his regiment, thus writes:—"It is a very pleasant thought to the soldier that friends at home still hold him in remembrance; and could those friends see the aridity with which he sits on letters and packages, by mail or express they would feel amply repaid for all labor of writing or sending."

I suppose that I, more than any other man in the regiment, am permitted to see the secret chain that unites the hearts of soldiers with loving hands at home. Every now and then one shows me a miniature, or tells me of a dear child's smile, or sends a message of love to papa or mama, or brings me a letter from a loving mother, full of earnest counsel and tender sympathy. Ah! war is not all pomp and glitter, with gleaming of banners and rolling of drums.

Now is it all, either, the deadly conflict, with its gaging wounds and stifling fumes of dead men slain. It has its quiet and tender side as well; and sometimes the most reckless and hardened soldier, whose every sentence is limited by an oath, will open the little secret chest in his breast where he keeps in concealment a little treasure of love, and let me look upon the gem in all its beauty.

It is the duty, and should be the pleasure of those at home to do all they can to encourage any feeling that will keep gentle and pure their dear ones who are in the army. One great means of doing this is found in just evidences of interest in this box gave.

**ANECDOTE OF A BEAR.**—The following anecdote goes far to prove that a bear has only room for one idea at a time in his head. A party of overland emigrants on their way across the plains from St. Louis, Missouri, to El Paso, and thence to California, had arrived somewhere on the Green River. From this train a hunter had strayed off in search of game, and came upon a bear in a creek bottom, who was up a persimmon-tree loaded with ripe fruit, which he was busily eating, whilst a wild-boar beneath was revelling in the over-ripe dainties which fell in showers from the bear's clumsy operations in the tree. It was evident from the glances he threw below from time to time that he was jealous of the hog, and by no means relished playing provider even involuntarily for the other; and he often expressed his disapprobation by short and savage growls, which the bear only answered by an occasional satisfied grunt. The hunter noted all these signs, and saw that very little more was necessary to make Coffee's wrath boil over, which he would be certain to vent upon the pig; he therefore drew the buck-shot from one barrel of his gun, and substituted for it a load of dust-shot, with which, from his ambush, he stung the bear pretty severely. Down came the bear instantly to chastise the bear for adding this injury to insult, fully convinced that the smart he suffered was caused by the pig. The battle was a sharp one, though not of long duration, and bruise speedily killed his antagonist, but not before the hog had inflicted a mortal wound, by gashing open with his sharp tusks, the belly of his opponent, who speedily bled to death. "Thus," said the hunter, with pardonable vanity, "I killed a bear and a wild-boar with a charge of No. 7 shot, which I believe nobody else has ever done."

**GOOD NEWS FOR MAINE.**—Dr. R. P. Stevens, in a paper read before the Geographical Society in New York, predicts that new land will arise out of the sea, which will result in such a change of climate that Maine and Canada will be as warm as Southern France, while Labrador itself will become fertile. We suppose the doctor wouldn't fix the precise date of this happy change.

An exchange tells the following simple story of a little child kneeling by his bed to pray, as he retired for the night. He said:—"Dear Heavenly Father, please don't let the large cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and don't let me run away outside the gate when mother tells me not to."

One of the "personal" correspondents at Washington describes Mrs. Swinburn as "a fearfully clever. You look at her, listen to her, and feel sure that she could take a ship across the ocean; that she could command a brigade, govern a state, and have superfluous power left for infinite infinitesimal purposes."

A Western paper strikes the name of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

Governor Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, said in a recent speech, "as for cotton the world existed nearly six thousand years without its being an article of prime necessity, and if a little more wool, flax and hemp is grown, the world will scarcely feel its loss."

Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb is a little patriot. She has a brother in the Union service, and at the White House, said, if necessary, she was willing for her husband to volunteer!

Let every well read man remember that the "tree of knowledge" was not the "tree of life."

Nothing more valuable than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more ineffectual; nothing which would only serve to prevent it, if people would only set earnestly about it. Life is really too short for me to be able to waste half of it in waiting.—*Miss Bremer.*

A negro girl entered a variety store and asked for "some flibberty flaps, Sabbath-day cookers." She wanted a fan!

An old New Jersey farmer is very desirous to come upon the earth 25 years hence, "just to take a good look at the size of a New Jersey bushel basket, particularly in 1883!"

The index at Philadelphia is now running at the rate of three upon a nickel. The results are about \$2,500 a day in nickel.

**WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.**—WHEAT AND MEAL.—The market has been somewhat unsettled since the close of last week. The price of wheat has risen to 80¢ in bulk, mostly for export, at 80¢ for common and choice, 80¢ for extra, and 80¢ for fine. The price of meal has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of flour has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of corn has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of oats has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of barley has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of rye has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of buckwheat has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of sorghum has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of millet has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of rice has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of sugar has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of coffee has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of tea has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of spices has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of fruits has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of vegetables has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of poultry has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of game has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of fish has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of shellfish has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of eggs has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of butter has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of cheese has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of meat has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of poultry has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. The price of game has risen to 10¢ for extra, and 10¢ for fine. 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Wit and Humor.

THE DID.

There were blissing, Lona glowing, I was dreaming  
Dreame as sweet  
As the olden Summers golden that have roll-  
ed on  
Still, yet feet.  
Then from Alden came a sudden (beauty laden  
Girl was she)  
Glorious creature! each fair feature a love  
tender  
Unto me.  
"Close beside me"—who dare chide me?  
"Here, Love, hide thee!"  
Blush—Grown!  
It confesses how her bosom with ecstasies  
Touched my face.  
There's no prizing the amazing bright eyes  
gazing  
Unto mine,  
Lips whose sweetness, whose repleteness of all  
sweetness,  
Were divine.  
But she waited, meditated; I—stated—  
Gently chide;  
Smiling, told her no one older would behold  
her  
If she did.  
Hence, hence, softer, clearer, warmer, dearer,  
Came her breath!  
Then forgetting all regretting, angels letting  
Her—oh! Death!

SOLOMON.

Fresh from the Poetry Machine.

A lady with a crinoline was walking  
down a street—her feathers fluttered in the  
wind, her hoops stuck out some feet. She  
walked the earth as if she felt it she had  
no part, and proudly did she step along, for  
pride was in her heart. She did not see a  
curly dog which walked close by her side,  
all save the curly tail of which her crinoline  
did hide. His tail the dog with pleasure  
shook, it fluttered in the wind, and from  
the lady's crinoline stuck out a foot be-  
hind. A crowd the tail did soon spy, as it  
waved to and fro, and like a rudder seemed  
to point the way the maid must go. The  
curly dog right pleased was he with quarters  
he had got, and walked beside the lady in a  
kind of doggy trot. Each step the lady  
now did take served to increase her train,  
while those who followed in her wake roared  
out with might and main. Some held their  
sides, they laughed so hard, and others  
shrieked, while many even still confessed  
that they'd "like to have died." But still  
the lady sailed along in crinoline and pride,  
unmindful of the crowd behind, or dog close  
by her side. But soon another dog espied  
the tail which fluttered free; it so provoked  
his doggy ire he could not let it be. But  
with a deep, ferocious growl, for battle  
straight he went, and 'neath the lady's crinoline  
both dogs were quickly pent. They fought,  
"he said, an hour or more—the lady  
nothing knew, but with her head erect,  
called on, and did her way pursue. Some  
say she never would have known at all  
about the fight, had not one dog mistake,  
and gave her "limb" an awful bite. But  
since that time, I've heard it said, the lady  
ne'er was seen upon the street with so much  
pride, and such a crinoline.

PUTTING THE GENERAL THROUGH THE DRILL.

A few nights since the boys thought they  
must have some sport with Long John, who  
had been imbibing rather too freely from  
the contents of the bottle. They wrote an  
order and signed Gen. B.'s name to it. It  
read as follows:—

Private John— is ordered to report at  
these headquarters for the purpose of put-  
ting the general through the drill.  
John pocketed the order, and proceeded to  
headquarters, and entered the tent where  
the general was deeply engaged in writing,  
when the following dialogue ensued:—

John—Good even, general, come cordially  
to (hic) orders to put you (hic) through the  
drill!

Gen.—(In surprise.) To put me through  
the drill?

John—Yes, sir. Present arms.

Gen.—Out of this, you rascal. What do  
you mean by such insolence?

John—Shoulder (hic) arms.

Gen.—Guard, this way.

John—Right shoulder. Shift (hic) arms.

Gen.—(To guard.) Arrest this man.

John—(Producing order.) Now look here,  
(hic) gen., what yer (hic) going to 'rust me  
for' (hic).

Gen.—(Examining the order and laugh-  
ing.) Go to your quarters.

John—Well, general, when you (hic) want  
me to drill you agin, just lem me know.

Gen.—It is a bad sign to see a man with his  
hat off at midnight, explaining the theory  
and principles of true democracy to a lamp-  
post.

GOOD MANNERS.

A correspondent of the Agriculturalist re-  
lates the following incident, which he says  
occurred some years since in the state of  
Rhode Island:—Colored persons are al-  
lowed to vote there, and to hold office if elect-  
ed. On one occasion, Mr. R., a very pomp-  
ous, but not very popular man, desiring to  
be chosen Inspector of Elections, gathered  
his friends around the polls early on the  
morning of election day—the custom being  
to select an inspector by vote of those hap-  
pening to be present at the opening of the  
polls. Some mischievous young men, who  
disliked the pompous candidate, had heard  
of his plans, and they were also present  
with a large party, and, to his great disgust,  
they gave a majority for a huge, burly, but  
good natured negro, well known to the citi-  
zens. When the voters came up to de-  
posit their ballots, as usual, each one took  
off his hat in presence of the Inspector.  
Soon Mr. R. approached. "It is customary to  
take off the hat when voting," said he, "but  
in this case I don't know about it." "Oh!"  
immediately replied the colored man, "just  
as you please; it depends on a man's  
brought up; dere's Mr. S. and Mr. B.  
(naming two wealthy citizens,) dey took off  
dere hats, but if a man hasn't been brought  
up to manners, why, we 'scuse him." The  
roar of laughter which followed, so discom-  
forted Mr. R., that he hastily left.

KINDNESS TO THE EMPLOYED.

BY MRS. N. M'CAUGHY.

Many housekeepers in our land, who are  
now in comfortable homes of their own,  
were by no means born and reared in the  
same circumstances. They were compelled  
early to toil with their head or hands for  
their own support, and it never did them an  
injury, for the independence which such an  
experience develops will be of vast use to  
them and their children after them. It is a  
marked fact that the mother of every great  
and good man the world has ever known,  
was never a frivolous woman of fashion.  
The mother of Daniel Webster used to rock  
him to sleep in a sap-trough for want of a  
better cradle. But there is one little point  
in which too many whose position has been  
elevated much above its early level, are  
quite apt to fail. They forget the tolls  
they have passed over; the weary days  
in which they strove to give satisfaction to  
those who employed them, watching in vain  
for an approving word, or a sympathizing  
look. They forget the resolutions so often  
formed, that if Providence ever placed them  
in the position of the served and not the  
server, they would show as appreciation of  
the feelings and service of the employed  
that had never been shown to them.

Do you think, mother, that the girl in  
your kitchen, the needlewoman you employ,  
the teacher of your children, ever imagines  
you had such a thought? It is too often  
the case that those who are suddenly raised  
to a very high position, cannot keep pace  
with their prosperity in moral and intellec-  
tual advancement. The oppressed too often  
become the bitterest oppressors. It is an  
old saying that "prosperity spoils some peo-  
ple," but it need never be the case. Only  
let the heart study to keep itself in that  
valley of humility through which the path  
to Heaven must lead, and that "which is just  
and equal" will surely be rendered.

No matter what the position of those  
around you, it is your duty to do what you  
can for their benefit, to instruct, reprove,  
encourage and elevate, as far as it lies  
in your power. We are so much responsible  
for our influence over our servants as over  
our children. We may debilitate it and put  
it aside as an unpleasant conviction, but the  
truth stands firm, and the record of our daily  
performance of duty in this respect goes up  
to the book of the recording angel.—*Mother's Journal.*

BALDNESS.

The ancient Romans seldom wore any-  
thing on the head, and a case of baldness  
was a rare thing.

Baldness is very infrequent among the In-  
dians; their heads are habitually uncovered.  
Baldness among women is very much  
rarer than among men. Women's baldness  
is about the temples, that of men on the top  
of the head. It may be then inferred that  
one cause of baldness is keeping the head  
covered and heated, thus excessively stimu-  
lating the hair glands by an unnatural  
warmth, and prematurely exhausting their  
power, and also by preventing the evapora-  
tion and escape of that effluvia matter, the  
continued presence of which is always death,  
in whatever part of the system it may occur.  
This is effectually done by the large quanti-  
ties of grease and oil which our women  
plaster on the sides of the head and temples,  
the hair, dust, and oil making a coating over  
the temples almost as impervious as India  
rubber, thus choking up the roots or glands  
and preventing the proper blood circula-  
tion; for it is the blood which carries nutri-  
ment to the hair.

The top of the head is most profusely sup-  
plied with bloodvessels, yet men grow bald  
there, first, by keeping the head too warm;  
also, and chiefly, by the prevalent fashion  
for generations past, of wearing hard and  
silk hats, which, by their pressure all over  
the head, forcibly detain the blood from the  
top of the head; there is a baldness below  
where the hat touches the head.



PAPA.—"Well, my dear, did you tell mamma that Miss Myrtle was waiting to see  
her?"  
CHILD.—"Yes, pa!"  
PAPA.—"And what did she say?"  
CHILD.—"She said what a lather!"

None of the writer's playmates are known to  
be bald, at ages from forty to sixty-five;  
it was the universal custom among them as  
boys, to wear loose woolen hats, answering  
to the felt hats now so generally popular.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The war has given birth to many gems of  
poetry, patriotic, humorous, and pathetic,  
illustrative of the spirit and varied impres-  
sions of the times. A volume compiled from  
the newspapers of the day would prove a  
rich contribution to the military literature of  
the country. I send below a touching mor-  
ceau, from an unknown pen, copied from the  
Philadelphia Bulletin, suggested by an  
affecting scene in one of the army hospitals.  
A brave lad of 16 years, belonging to a New  
England regiment, mortally wounded at  
Fredericksburg, and sent to the Patent Office  
Hospital at Washington, was anxiously  
looking for the coming of his mother. As  
his last hour approached and sight grew  
dim, he mistook a sympathetic lady, who  
was wiping the cold, clammy perspiration  
from his forehead, for the expected one, and  
with a smile of joy lighting up his pale face,  
whispered tenderly, "Is that mother?"  
"Then," says the writer, "drawing her to-  
wards him with all his feeble strength, he  
nestled his head in her arms like a sleeping  
infant, and thus died with the sweet word  
'mother' on his quivering lips."

"IS THAT MOTHER?"

Is that mother bending o'er me,  
As she sang my cradle hymn—  
Kneeling there in tears before me!  
Say?—my sight is growing dim.  
Comes she from the old home lowly,  
Out among the northern hills,  
To her pet boy dying slowly  
Of war's battle wounds and ill?  
Mother! oh, we bravely battled—  
Battled till the day was done;  
While the leaden hail-storm rattled—  
Man to man and gun to gun.  
But we failed—and I am dying—  
Dying in my boyhood's years—  
There—no weeping—self-denying,  
Noble deaths demand no tears!  
Fold your arms again around me;  
Press again my aching head;  
Sing the lullaby you sang me—  
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

THE LENGTH OF THE SKIRT.

The most earnest efforts looking toward  
dress reform have had reference to the  
length of the skirt. May I be permitted a  
word on this point? I think one of wom-  
an's first duties is to make herself as beau-  
tiful as possible. A long skirt—a trait even  
in fine taste. Among the dress features  
of the stage, none is so beautiful as the long  
train. The artist is ever delighted to intro-  
duce it in his pictures of woman. I confess  
I admire it, and that I wish it could again  
be made common on all dress occasions.  
For the drawing-room it is superb. It is  
said that expense and inconvenience are  
involved; I ask, are they not in paintings,  
statuary, etc.? When we meet on dress oc-  
casions, I cannot see why we may not intro-  
duce this exquisite feature.

For church, and our usual afternoon sit-  
tings, skirts which nearly touch the floor  
seem to me in good taste, and every way  
proper; but for the street when wet, snowy  
or muddy, for the active duties of house-  
keeping, which involve much running up  
stairs, for the gymnasium, for mountain  
trips, etc., I need not argue with those  
whose brains are not befogged by fashion,  
that the skirts should fall to about the  
knees. If Miss Fastidious suggests that  
the adoption of such a costume would expose  
the limbs, you have but to point to what  
may be seen in wet weather on the streets.

the time, to seven hundred pounds, when  
it can be haled, and then transported to the  
manufactory, where the process of preparing  
it for market is completed by the final clean-  
ing and bleaching.

The operation of the machine can be so  
regulated that the fibre can be made long or  
short, and thus fitted for different articles of  
manufacture. A great advantage is gained  
over the old mode of dressing flax, by avoid-  
ing the slow and tedious process of rotting,  
and by reducing, at very moderate expense,  
the fibre to the soft, fine and flexible state  
of this specimen.

EARLY POTATOS.—The Report of the  
Superintending Committee of the Norfolk Agri-  
cultural Society, gives the mode of sprout-  
ing potatoes for early planting, practised by  
Cheever Newhall, Esq., of Dorchester, as  
follows:—

"He puts them in narrow boxes, on three  
sides of which strips of board about two  
inches wide are nailed, with spaces between  
them of an inch wide. These boxes, hold-  
ing perhaps a bushel each, are filled with  
potatoes and then brought within the in-  
fluence of the heat of the furnace which  
warms the dwelling—the furnace being in  
the cellar. Care is taken to bring them into  
just that temperature which will gradually  
start the sprouts without withering the  
tubers, which can be ascertained by care-  
fully watching them from day to day. The  
object is to have a good, strong, but not  
very long sprout by the time the ground is  
ready to plant. From potatoes thus sprout-  
ed, Mr. Newhall obtained a yield of 100  
bushels per acre in 1862—the whole crop  
having been sold in July at ninety cents per  
bushel."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A farmer who was  
riding on the forward end of a piece of tim-  
ber that was resting upon what are called  
"logs," the hindmost log, in turning a short  
curve, threw the timber around in such a  
manner as to fasten his right foot between the  
timber and the tongue. This forced him to  
the ground, where he lay some fifteen  
minutes. The oxen, being under good sub-  
jection, stopped immediately. If the tongue  
could be lowered three or four inches, he  
could extricate his foot; at last the idea  
came, and the right one. He threw one of  
his mittens in front of the oxen's nose; they  
dropped their heads to smell, and he re-  
lieved in an instant his foot, which only re-  
ceived some slight bruises.

Useful Receipts.

HOW A CANCER WAS CURED.—A piece  
of sticking plaster was put on a cancer with  
a circular piece out of the centre a little  
larger than the cancer, so that the cancer  
and a small circular rim of healthy skin  
next to it were exposed. Then a plaster  
made of chloride of zinc, bloodroot and  
wheat flour was spread on a piece of mus-  
lin the size of this circular opening, and ap-  
plied to the cancer for twenty-four hours.  
On removing it, the cancer will be found to  
have been burned and appear of the color  
and hardness of an old shoe sole; the rim  
outside of it will appear white and parboiled  
as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is  
now dressed and the rim soon  
separates, the cancer comes out in a hard  
lump, and the place heals up. The plaster  
kills the cancer so that it sloughs out like  
dead flesh and never grows again.

TO STOP MOUSE HOLES.—Take a plug  
of common hard soap, stop the hole with  
it, and you may rest assured you will have  
no further trouble from that quarter. It is  
equally effectual as regards rats, roaches  
and ants.

THE HAIR.—To make hair grow on a  
shining scalp is utterly impossible. But the  
growth of hair may be promoted on a furry  
scalp, because, in that case, the root is not  
dead, but lacks vigor, lacks nutriment;  
and new vigor can be imparted, and addi-  
tional nutriment bestowed by whatever  
gives activity to the circulation of the blood  
upon the roots of the hair, and what the fol-  
lowing application falls to do in this direc-  
tion, all others will, simply because it is the  
most certain, the most powerful and safe  
hair stimulant known.

Half an ounce of vinegar of cantharides,  
one ounce of cologne-water, one ounce of  
rose-water; to be rubbed in with a tooth-  
brush gently and patiently, till the part is  
thoroughly wetted and smart a little; to be  
repeated night and morning; if too power-  
ful, dilute with water, or use less.

To prevent thin hair and premature bald-  
ness, first, keep a clean scalp; second, never  
wear the hair on a strain, or against the di-  
rection of its growth; third, never apply  
anything to it but soap-suds or pure water;  
fourth, wear loose-fittings, soft hats; fifth,  
let children always wear the hair short, and  
both men and women should brush the hair  
a great deal, using only a coarse comb, which  
should touch the scalp only in the slightest  
manner possible.

REMEDY AGAINST MOths.—An ounce of  
gum camphor and one of the powdered  
shell of red pepper are macerated in eight  
ounces of strong alcohol for several days,  
then strained. With this tincture the fur  
or clothes are sprinkled over, and rolled up  
in sheets. Instead of the pepper, bitter  
apple may be used. This remedy is used in  
Russia under the name of the Chinese tinc-  
ture for moths.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 10, 2, 12, 13, 14, 8, is a flower.  
My 12, 7, 2, 10, is the name of a metal.  
My 1, 4, 7, 6, 3, 14, 12, 13, 8, is an insect.  
My 7, 1, 12, 8, is a reverberation.  
My 9, 14, 9, 11, is an instrument.  
My whole was an important event which took  
place during the war in India. F. M. G.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 9, 8, 12, 5, 4, 20, 16, 8, is a hero of the pa-  
sent war.  
My 20, 22, 21, 12, 6, 10, 3, is what Marco Polo  
boldly devoted himself to.  
My 20, 12, 2, 5, 8, 11, 4, 15, is a place of hesita-  
tion.  
My 12, 3, 6, 11, 18, is what all things are hesita-  
ting to.  
My 14, 7, 12, is an adjective applied to many  
people.  
My 12, 1, 4, 5, 16, is what women do when they  
mend socks.  
My 18, 12, 4, 16, 15, is one of the noblest quali-  
ties of our nature.  
My 17, 19, 5, is what we all like to have at times.  
My whole is a large building in Philadelphia. T. R.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 7 letters.  
My 7, 4, 5, is the mystical entrance key to the  
lover's heaven.  
My 3, 2, 6, is that infinitesimal something which  
never omits if you would gain a princely  
blessing.  
My 1, is one thousand.  
My whole is the crowning virtue of woman.  
Mrs. Indiana. JESSIE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Upon the threshing floor I'm found;  
Unstarred is my color bright;  
For various uses I am ground;  
While thousands press me every night.  
My two first letters then behead,  
And you will find state or condition;  
Transpose, my coming all do dread;  
None ever envy my position.  
Pompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
My first is in road, but not in way.  
My 2d is in cart, but not in sleigh.  
My 3d is in light, but not in day.  
My 4th is in milk, but not in whey.  
My 5th is in brick, but not in clay.  
My 6th is in toy, but not in play.  
My 7th is in balance, but not in weight.  
My 8th is in wander, but not in stray.  
My whole is a means of transit.  
Fowler, O. JAKIE.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
The cashier of a certain bank on being asked  
how much money they had in circulation, re-  
plied:—"We have so many paper dollars out  
that if we divide the sum thereof by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,  
7, 8, 9, 10, 11, or 12, we always want one dollar  
yet to come out even with; but when we divide  
by 13, then there will be no remainder." How  
many dollars had they in circulation? I think  
it must have been a considerable amount.  
Sellingrove, Pa. PERCIVAL JEWETT.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
A man engaged to clear a right angled trian-  
gular piece of land containing 15 acres. He  
cleared a strip of 12 rods wide all round it, and  
then found he had but 2 acres and 64 rods yet  
to clear. Required—the dimensions of the piece  
of land? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q.—Why is the letter A the best remedy for  
a deaf woman? Ans.—Because it makes her  
hear.  
Q.—How many peas are there in a pint?  
Ans.—One (p.)  
Q.—What would this world be without wom-  
an? Ans.—A perfect blank—like a sheet of  
paper, not even ruled.  
Q.—If you were to take away the letter S  
from a certain word, why would it cause grief?  
Ans.—Because it would make a sweep sweep.  
Q.—At what season did Eve eat the apple?  
Ans.—Early in the fall.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.  
ENIGMA.—Chloroform. RIDDLE.—Right-  
eousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach  
to any people.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PRO-  
BLEM, by Daniel Diefenbach, published Feb.  
21. The distance between B and C is 32 or 112  
perches. Either of these distances will satisfy  
the required conditions.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.  
Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.  
Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, pub-  
lished Feb. 21. The distance between B and C  
is 112 perches. R. Barto, Lebanon Co., Pa.  
J. H. Fowler, O., Chas. T. Pearce, Burlington  
Co., N. J., Correspondent, Round Grove, Scott  
Co., Iowa.

COURT GOSSEP.—The latest direct ad-  
vices from Avenard-diedom inform us that  
Mrs. Squibb is furnishing her new house,  
and has given orders for a large Bible with  
a blue cover, "to correspond with the other  
furniture."